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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 20, 1934
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIX No. 1813

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

OCT. 20 1934

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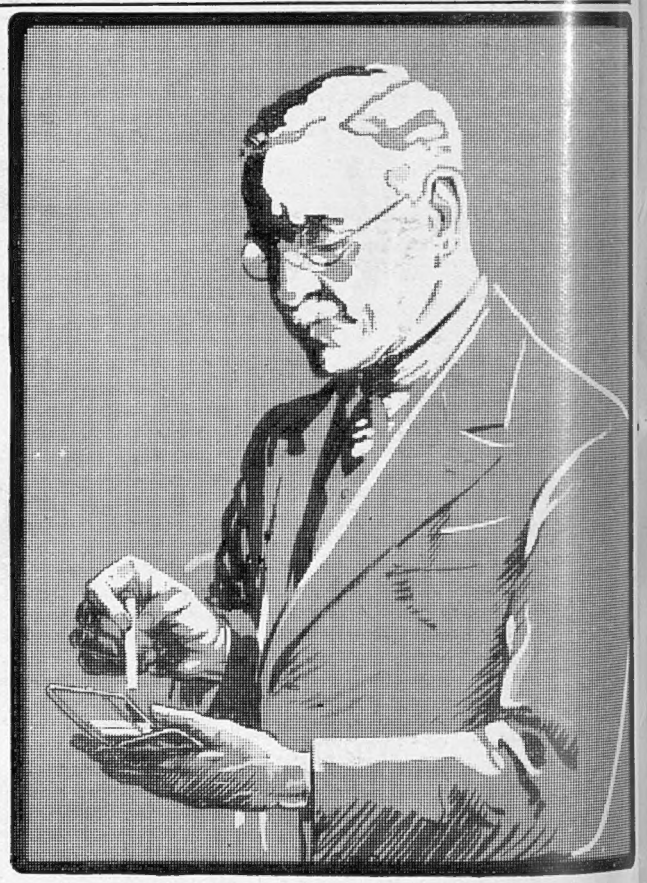

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THE SPHERE

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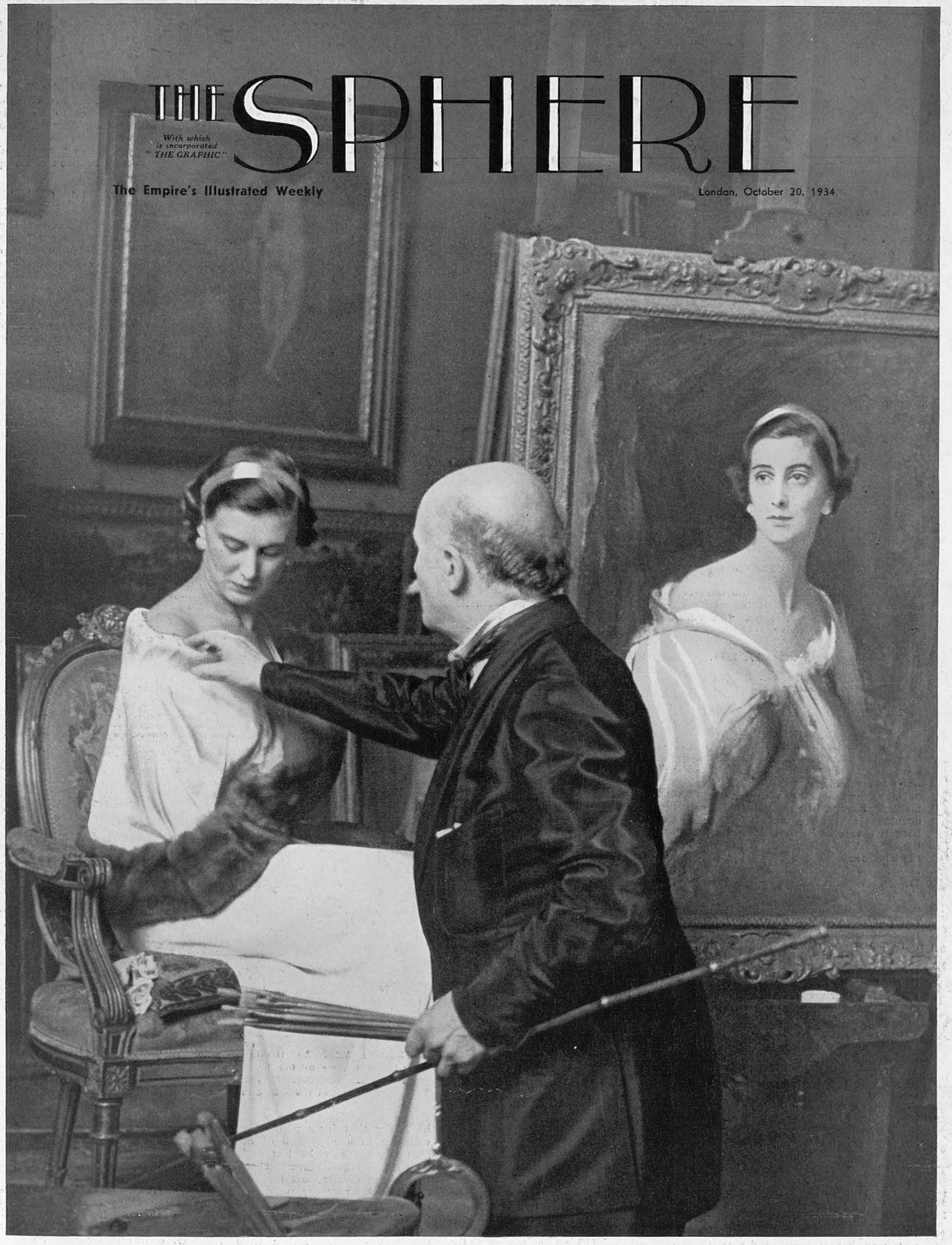
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 20, 1934



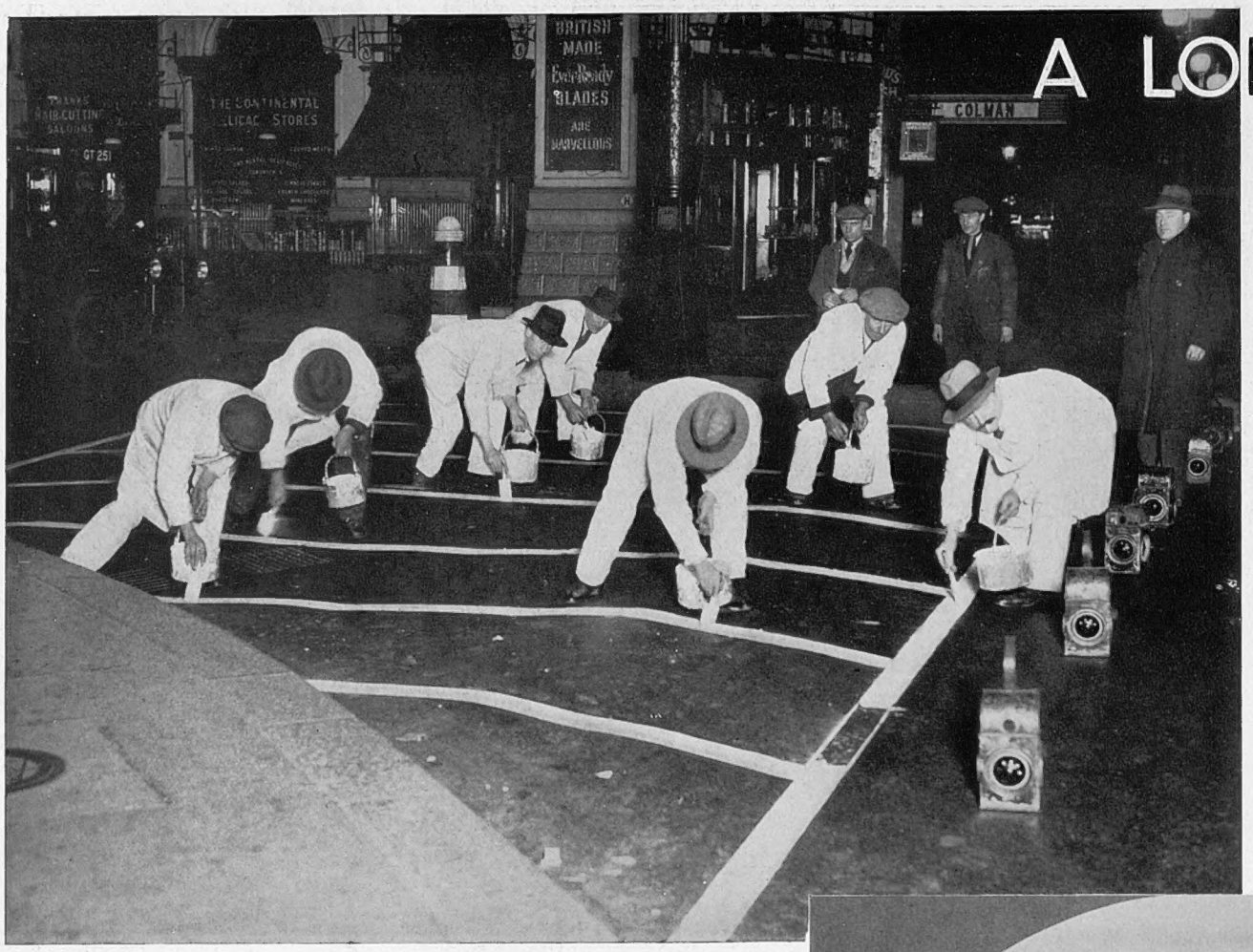
A ROYAL SUBJECT

Princess Marina Sits for Her Portrait by Mr. Philip de Laszlo

It was only fitting that Mr. de Laszlo should have been commissioned to paint Princess Marina, both because he is one of the most successful society portrait artists of our time, and because he has known his royal subject ever since she was six years old. This interesting camera study, which was taken at one of the last sittings at the Hampstead studio, reveals how perfectly Mr. de Laszlo has conveyed to canvas the dignity and beauty of the Princess. The portrait will be a wedding present for the Duke of Kent, and the public will have the opportunity of seeing the work when it is placed on view at Knoedler's shortly before the marriage which takes place on November 29. The proceeds from the exhibition, together with those from the sale of mounted prints from colour reproductions made for a special issue of the *Illustrated London News*, will be handed over to St. George's Hospital

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NE



WHILE LONDON SLEEPS: The white-coated squad which between midnight and dawn re-paints the pedestrian crossings that have become blurred by the traffic passing over them. This picture was taken at Piccadilly Circus

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 17, 1934.

THE MARSEILLES MURDERS.—The Marseilles murders are history now and no longer news. The direct results of them remain matter for anxious speculation. The sad and long-drawn-out obsequies afforded but a brief breathing space. The assassinations are added to a list of insensate outrages upon leading personalities in modern Europe which will help to document in history that the age of barbarism returned to civilization after the Great War. If we could say that the chances of a madman's act were responsible for these killings and for Dr. Dollfuss's murder and the rest of them, we might, without more searchings of civilization's heart, deplore the bitter ill-luck which has attended every post-war effort to compose the racial bitternesses of Europe. But we know that we cannot do that. Kelemen (or Gheorghieff) was no more "mad" than Dollfuss's assassins. He, like them, had drunk of the poisoned cup of party or national intrigue and propaganda, and in our hearts we are well aware that, at the back of it all, the hasty and clumsy resettlement and redistribution of European boundaries at Versailles have left behind sores and ulcers which cannot be healed. The whole of Europe is seething with discontent. A sense of injustice or repression poisons millions of men forming races, classes, political parties and shades of opinion, religious, racial, and political. No hastily devised substitute for the "bad old" forms of constitution has hitherto succeeded in doing more than stemming, by force or by infinite patience and in everlasting anxiety, the uncontrollable tides of passion and revolt. Great statesmen, honest, brave, and patriotic, have tried and failed, and have suffered the same fate as tyrants and braggarts. Hell is ever threatening to break loose in Europe; the undercurrents of intense political passion sweep away all defences and laugh at the most carefully planned precautions. The fate of Europe is not now at the mercy of the sudden actions of one or two isolated madmen—it never was and never can be. Political assassination is an act of madness but not usually an act of an individual madman. As at Serajevo, so at Vienna and Marseilles, the fatal acts did but give proof of the will to war, the deep-rooted poison in the system of European civilization. Nothing but restraint, goodwill, and a broader view of national aims among the leaders of Europe can give that breathing space which is needed if the policy of M. Barthou may still materialize.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.—The present state of Europe is black enough to daunt the most exuberant optimist. Indeed it can rarely have been worse. Italy has been flaunting the total failure of disarmament and rattling the sabre as a means of ensuring peace. The Austrian problem is no whit nearer solution. What lies at the back of it? The old, old dread of Italy and the smaller nations on the confines of Austria that German domination of Europe by the incorporation of Austria in a pan-German Nazi State is still a live ideal in Hitler's mind. It may be so, but, if its materialization does not seem imminent, the very first step in that direction would precipitate a crisis which might involve Europe in war. At the time of King Alexander's fatal visit to France, Italy and Yugoslavia were watching the body of Austria, like rival vultures, the former fearing for her freedom in the Adriatic, the latter for her defences in Carinthia. But Nazi influence is strong in Yugoslavia, which is to-day a doubtful member of the Little Entente. In the circumstances France's hand seemed and still seems almost too complicated to play, with her patronage of the Little Entente on the one hand and her dread of Germany on the other. Her trump-card appeared to be the fostering of more friendly relations between Italy and Yugoslavia, and King Alexander's visit was a necessary preliminary in that direction. But the political permutations are uncountable. Spain is a centre of unrest which seems curiously isolated and unrelated to the European problem. One revolution sows the seeds of the next and the harvest of injustice and tyranny which followed the *coup d'état* has yet to be gathered in. Yet by contrast Spain's tragedy adds nothing to the complications of Europe politically.

THE VITAL ISSUE STILL.—It is Austria still on which the eyes of Europe are fixed. It is safe to say that, with the danger of the Little Entente gradually disintegrating, nothing but a definite pronouncement by Hitler that for a period Germany will join in a guarantee of Austrian independence can hold the danger which threatens Europe in check. Of this we are certain, that the times are too critical for any party or any cause in whatsoever country to seek to make political capital out of the murders of Marseilles, the failure to prevent them, the loss of M. Barthou from the "balanced" French Cabinet, or any other immediate result. Yet France is already at it hammer and tongs, making political capital, and cheerfully smashing up the strongest Cabinet she has had in modern times, and M. Barthou's policy of stability is in danger of being side-tracked. In essentials that policy was to restore Poland's confidence in the advantages of her old political alliance with France, to preserve the Little Entente by bringing about a better understanding between Italy and Yugoslavia, and to explain satisfactorily to Rumania his country's welcome into the League of the Soviet Republic. The French Foreign Minister went to sleep indeed with a very difficult hand still unplayed, and only M. Doumergue, given a free hand, can play it for France and Europe.

A. A. M. ON WAR.—One has heard of crushing a butterfly with a steam hammer. Mr. Milne's *Peace with Honour* is an example of the converse—a butterfly exterminating heavy metal. I don't imply that Mr. Milne's arguments are airy or ineffective. On the contrary, they are brilliant, witty, sound as far as they touch on the problem, and even devastating. But the folly, murder, and beastliness of war are commonly accepted and need for proof no brilliant arguments. It is the cause and prevention of war which is disputed ground. Mr. Milne believes that war would be impossible if the average man had not stored at the back of his mind a harvest reaped from the "Junker" poetry of all ages, the idea that war is noble, romantic, manly, and splendid, and that death on the field of battle is man's noblest end. He believes that the statesmen of Europe have been personally responsible for wars (a view with which a recent B.B.C. drama on the origins of the War encouraged us to agree) and that if they could be assured that death by hanging would be *their* punishment if they involved their country in war—well, they wouldn't. Of course this personal responsibility would be of no danger if the peoples themselves had not that innate, if subconscious, will for war, derived from poetical romance and splendid tradition. Mr. Milne's first stage in his campaign to abolish war is therefore to kill this will for war, by asking the average man to burn his poetry books and to think henceforth of war "in terms of profiteers, embusqués, nepotism, jobwangling, war diaries, propaganda, rumours, spy mania, honours lists, staff appointments. . . hatred, malice, lies." I can't forbear to quote this black list. It so perfectly sums up the nightmare

A SMILING WINNER: The increase in the number of feminine competitors was a notable feature of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club's final meeting of the season last Saturday. Miss Doreen Evans, who is seen here with her brother, won first in the Women's Mountain Handicap in a supercharged M.G.

WSLETTER

of irritations and detestations which haunted the pillow of the "average man" in the late War. But has Mr. Milne covered the field? Has anyone yet packed up in a portmanteau the sum of the causes which led to the late or any earlier war? Was the vanity of a few bigwigs acting on the will to war of the common people the powder which an isolated act of assassination ignited to cause the Great War? Or did not time and economics and social and political urges and needs, all contribute to swell the mighty torrent that burst the dam . . . ? The fatuity of peace and the revelations of war memoirs have convinced us, if we needed conviction, that war leaders, military or political, were, and ever will be, just ordinary, frail men, liable to constant weakness and lack of judgment, to faintheartedness and muddling. Can such pigmies bear the sole responsibility for making a war which cost 10,000,000 lives and the wealth of nations? I can't believe that the "ordinary man," unorganized and apathetic and inarticulate as he is, was ever such a stuffed dummy as that.

THE DUKE OF KENT IN THE CITY: His Royal Highness delivering the inaugural address before opening the new London Chamber of Commerce building in Cannon Street. Lord Wakefield, Acting Lord Mayor, is seated on the extreme right

AND DEAN INGE.—Dean Inge also has tried to clear away the cant and confusion which obscure the issue of war and peace. War in his view is not the result of the commercial selfishness of armament firms, nor even of the will to war of inarticulate peoples, nor for that matter is it due to the economic pressure theory favoured by Marx. Dean Inge is convinced that Fear is at the root of it all. What those fears consist in we can easily understand. By whom they are felt we cannot so easily determine without further guidance from the Dean. That fear for his own position may lead a dictator to plunge his country into war as a distraction, we are prepared regretfully to believe, and Dean Inge clearly shows up the ridiculous idea that Peace is safer in the hands of modern forms of government than under the bad old regimes of Monarchy in various forms. For that reason he throws scorn on the policy of unilateral disarmament. The Dean declares that the fear he has in mind is the fear felt by one nation for its neighbour, and in his view that fear to-day is abundantly justified. This view it is hard to dissent from, but the conclusion of the Dean's array of arguments seems to be rather that that national dread of its neighbour's aggression will stimulate not a will to war in the citizens but criticism and distrust of its own existing form of government. It is the keynote of post-war domestic politics all over Europe. Government after Government falls from the impatience of the people at the slowness of progress in the removal of their complaints and fears. I doubt if we are yet very much advanced towards a solution of the problem of the prime causes of war.

DUKE OF KENT.—It was news to many that Prince George is only the second "king's son" to bear the title of Duke of Kent. Odo of Bayeux, the Conqueror's half-brother, was Earl of Kent, so was Hubert de Burgh, and Edmund of Woodstock whose descendants held the title seven times. Ultimately it came into the family of Grey de Ruthin in the fifteenth century and remained there until the middle of the eighteenth. Then as a dukedom the title of Kent was conferred on Prince Edward, Queen Victoria's father, who died in 1820. After that it remained abeyant until Queen Victoria revived the earldom as a second title for the Duke of Edinburgh. Thus Prince George succeeds in the Dukedom of Kent his great-great-grandfather whose chief claim to fame in history is his fatherhood. And, all things considered, it is a claim which needs no special pleading, a tremendous trifle indeed. The House of Windsor has proved a national asset whose value no wizard of higher mathematics can estimate. He was not a popular soldier or governor, but he was, within the limits of opportunity, efficient, and he gave some thought to questions of humanity and education in the army. He was himself regular in his habits and religious. He made himself ridiculous by over-attention to minutiæ and to military etiquette, and by his constant financial straits. But, like most of his brothers, he has been in the past unfairly represented and ridiculed. He had very little chance to make the best of his qualities. Sussex was the great-great-great uncle most like Prince George in character. He had a true love of literature and the arts and no small knowledge in certain branches of them. He has always stood out as the best of the brothers and certainly he was a pioneer in the idea of social service as the chief function of royalty. He slaved for the Whigs, for the farmers, for the arts, and for Reform, in his kindly, blundering way. And so, one by one, the royal dukedoms are being cleared of the stains which ridicule or deliberate misrepresentation (and sometimes the frailty of their holders) laid upon them. The sons of King George V are clearing the names of the sons of King George III.

A WEDDING OF THE WEEK: The Regimental Sergeant-Major congratulating Miss Audrey Liversidge, daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral Liversidge, after her marriage to Captain Vernon-Wentworth of the Grenadier Guards. The ceremony took place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

THE OLYMPIANS.—If there are more exhibitors and models, there are likely to be also more visitors to Olympia this year, if the first days' showings are an indication. The reduction in the horse-power tax has had the inevitable result of a larger number of 20-h.p. models to tempt colonial and foreign buyers. No one can deny that such cars as the popular twenties are good value for money. Streamlining goes on, the experts know why. I don't know if it is that fashion which ever seems to reduce the space inside the saloons and makes ever more difficult a comfortable and graceful entry and exit. My 1932 model was a regular hold-all. The same model 1935 has about two-thirds of the capacity. Which is a pity! On the other hand, the mania for silly flat-catching gadgets is not so rampant, and those last few shillings seem to have been spent on neater tintacks and finish generally. I saw with loathing, and consternation the number of cars fitted with wireless. In my poor view it is quite inexcusable on the part of the Government that this wicked folly is permitted to proceed. I don't know how many extra lives per week this latest attempt to find distraction for the vacant mind will cause, but the blood of the innocent will be on the hands of the relevant authorities. One more tendency is to be noted. The "baby" car is growing into a big strapping boy. It can to-day carry five passengers and pull its load better than ever. The caravan section should not be missed by those whose hearts are boyish. As ever, this great show is superbly staged, and gives a convincing proof that British industry, initiative, courage, and forethought are as lively as ever.

THE OLD STAGER

"AIR CRASHES AND WHY?"

The Solicitors of Imperial Airways, Ltd., have called our attention to an article under the above title which appeared under the signature of Mr. Leonard Bridgman on page 8 of our issue of October 6 last, in which the following appeared:—

"The most serious accident Imperial Airways has suffered recently was caused by a machine flying into a wireless mast in Belgium. If the pilot had been flying at his proper height and using his wireless and instruments, he would not have met with disaster."

It has been pointed out to us that the accident in question is the subject of pending actions in the English courts, which was unknown to us when the article was published. We are also informed that the pilot in question was precluded by conditions of ice formation from flying as high as the wireless masts at Ruysselede, and was using his wireless just prior to the accident.

We realize that, under the circumstances, the statements and suggestions above referred to should not have been made, and take the earliest opportunity of withdrawing them unreservedly with a view to minimizing as much as possible the consequences of their publication, which was due to lack of knowledge of the circumstances and facts. We regret any inconvenience which may have been caused by publication of the incorrect statements and suggestions referred to.

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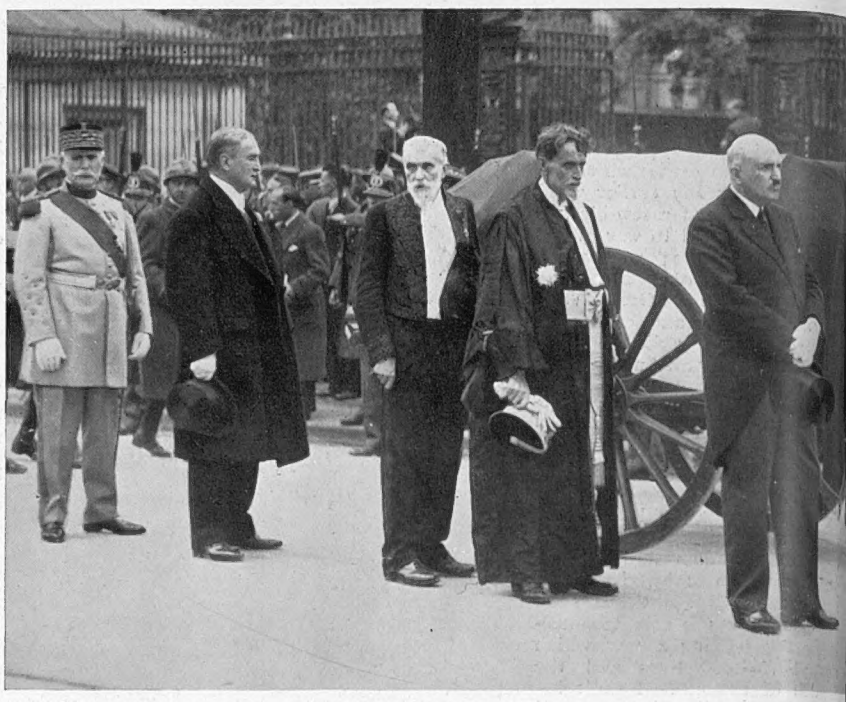
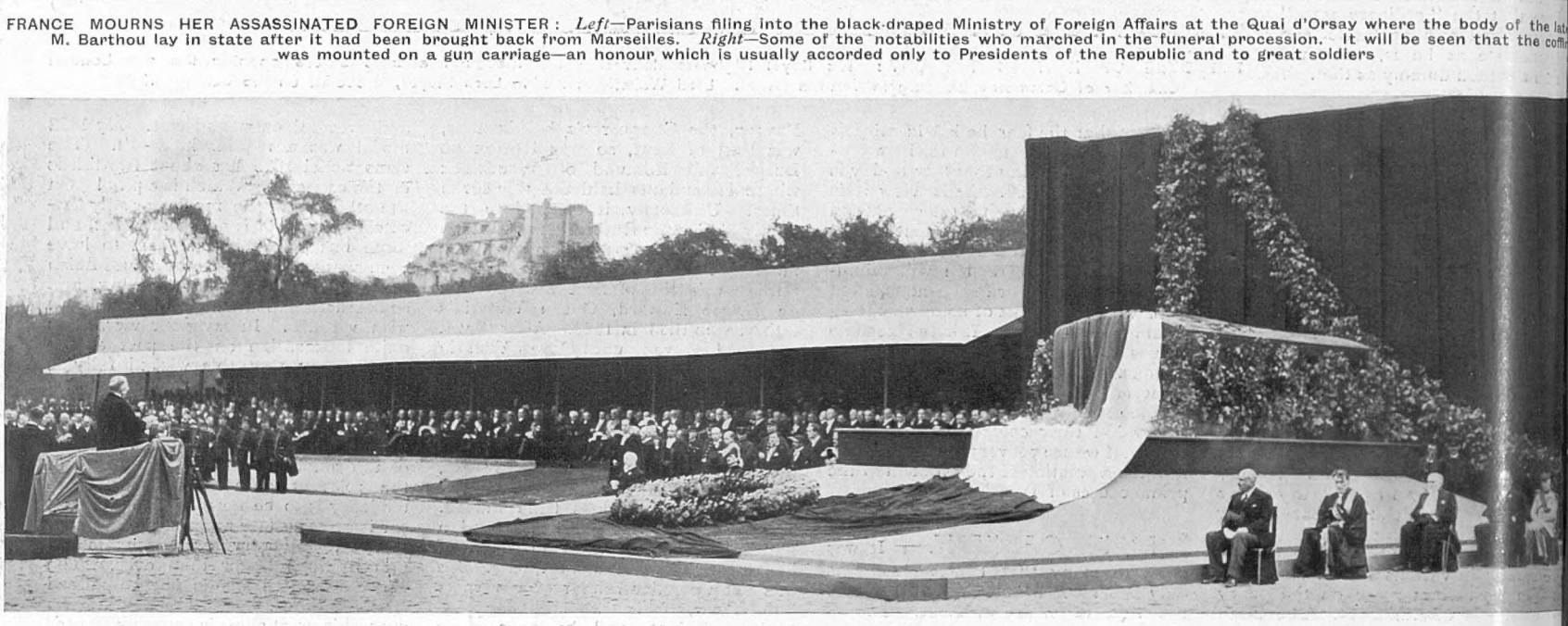
TROUBLED DAYS IN

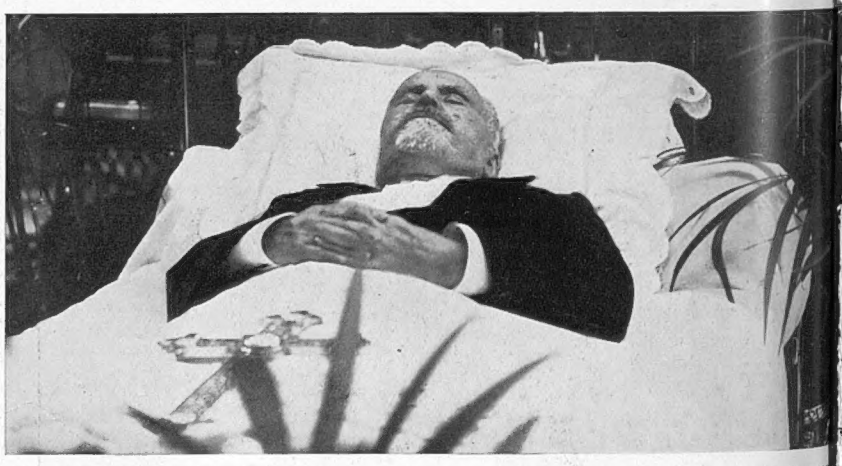


FRANCE MOURNS HER ASSASSINATED FOREIGN MINISTER: *Left*—Parisians filing into the black-draped Ministry of Foreign Affairs at the Quai d'Orsay where the body of the late M. Barthou lay in state after it had been brought back from Marseilles. *Right*—Some of the notabilities who marched in the funeral procession. It will be seen that the coffin was mounted on a gun carriage—an honour which is usually accorded only to Presidents of the Republic and to great soldiers



A GLOWING TRIBUTE: M. Gaston Doumergue, France's veteran Prime Minister, delivering the funeral oration from the dais near the catafalque bearing the remains of M. Barthou. Representatives of some fifty foreign Powers listened to the speech which praised the late Foreign Minister for his passionate love of country, and for his qualities as statesman, orator, philosopher, and historian

REPRESENTING THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT: Sir John Simon following in the mile-long procession behind the coffin of his friend, M. Barthou. After the funeral oration and the service in the Chapel of the Invalides, the interment took place in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, when M. Doumergue, Cabinet Ministers, and members of the Diplomatic Corps, filed past the tomb. When the coffin was being lowered into the vault the dead statesman's brother collapsed in a fainting fit



ANOTHER STATESMAN PASSES: A picture taken a few hours after the death of M. Raymond Poincaré which took place suddenly on Monday. He was President of France during the War, but he will be remembered best for his brilliant handling of the financial situation in 1924 when, as Prime Minister, he saved the franc from complete collapse

Revolt in Barcelona—Murder in Marseilles

I WISH that I could paint—for what I have to tell you about my forty-eight crammed hours of revolution in Barcelona, followed by a glimpse of France's farewell to the King assassinated in Marseilles, presents itself to me in four vivid impressionist pictures of a dawn, a mid-day, a sunset, and a midnight.

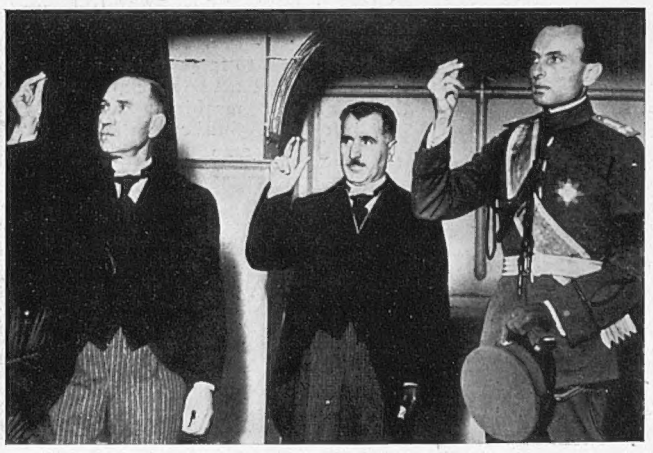
"Get into Barcelona as quick as you can make it, and get your news out even quicker," said a cable from London. The Sud Express took me to Toulouse where in the chill greys of the autumnal dawn I caught the first aeroplane for Barcelona.

From 1,000 ft. up the silken-white ground mists appeared as bold, curved strokes slashed in on the canvas of the earth by some giant painter revelling in conception's first flush of a symphony in infinitely varying tones of white, brown, and green. Here, the master had

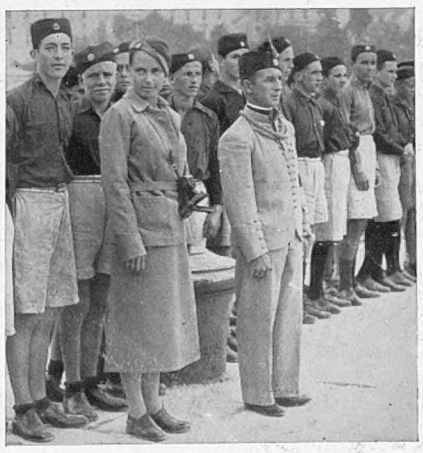
EUROPE: News from France, Spain, and Yugoslavia

PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO THEIR DEAD SOVEREIGN: Peasants who gathered on the quayside at Split, Yugoslavia, when at dawn last Sunday the body of the late King Alexander was landed from the cruiser *Dubrovnik* amid the thunder of guns and the ringing of church bells

A SCHOOLBOY BECOMES A KING: Peter II, Yugoslavia's youthful monarch, saluted by his generals following his arrival in Belgrade from Paris. Accompanying him is Prince Paul, and following behind is the widowed Queen Marie



THE YUGOSLAVIAN REGENTS: Dr. Stankovitch, Dr. Perovitch, and Prince Paul taking the oath of allegiance to the crown in the Parliament House, Belgrade. They will rule the country during the King's minority



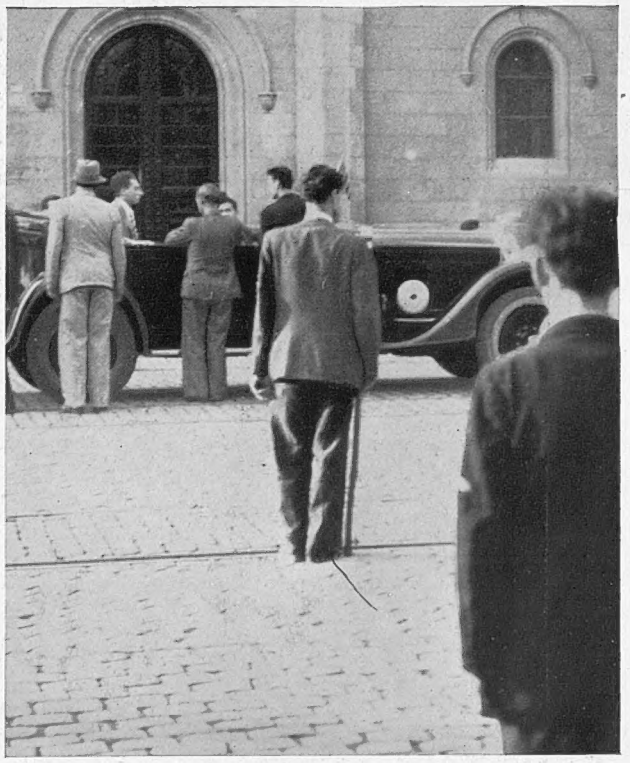
WATCHING THE SAD HOMECOMING: Members of a Yugoslavian Youth Movement who paraded on the quayside at Split

achieved superb ripples of rich fleecy white; there, he seemed to have dwelt too long on the canvas without recourse to his palette.

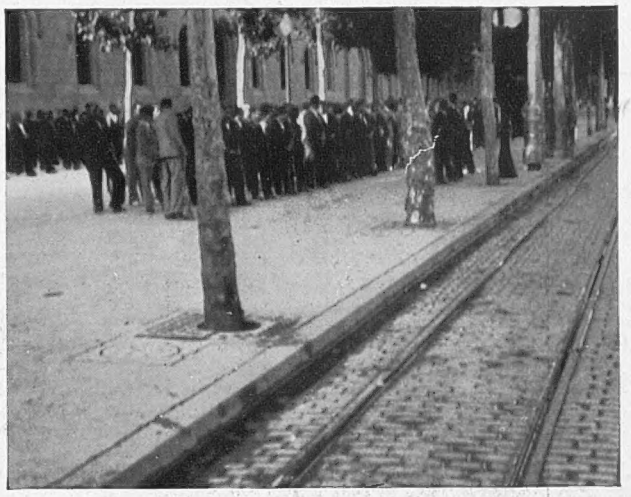
Speeding at 120 m.p.h. the lowlands soon gave way to the foothills, and the foothills soon rolled up into the glory of a yellow sunrise over the rich, ruddy browns of the friendly Pyrenees. The Alps may be mighty if they like, but "friendly" is the right word for the Franco-Spanish ranges which nestle so many hamlets to their crinkled bosoms. We cleared their watersheds perilously with barely 300 ft. in hand. Like a rude boy leaning over a balcony, I could have spat on to Andorra.

Midday. White Barcelona, capital of Catalonia, Ireland of Spain, complete with Señor Companys as an unsuccessful De Valera; on the quays warehouses are blazing; a few hours ago half a dozen public buildings were shelled to pieces; hundreds were killed; a ship in the harbour is laden with a thousand quaking prisoners, and yet now—

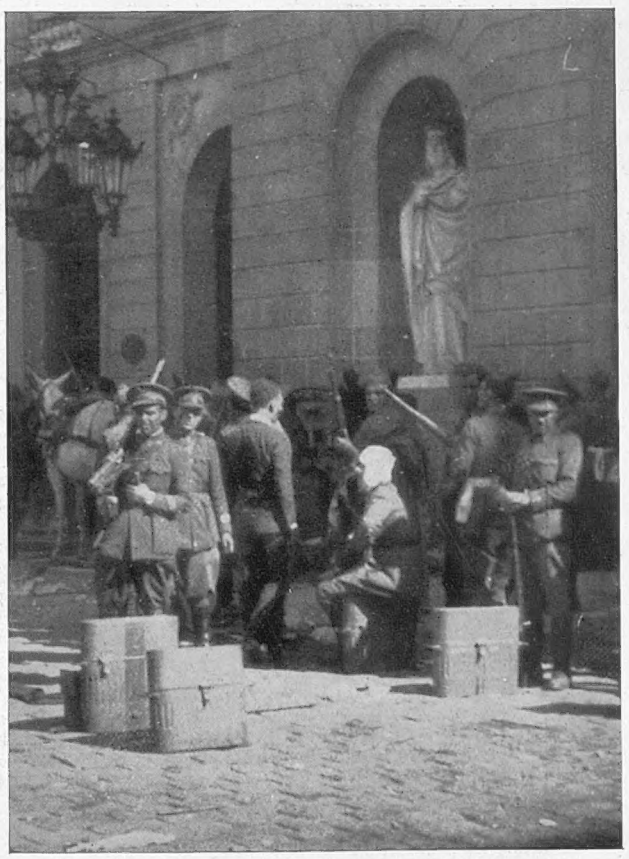
Under a welcome, orange-coloured awning I sit sipping ice-cold beer in Barcelona's Trafalgar Square, the Plaza de Cataluña, bathed in the caressing sun of a Mediterranean October. Nothing could be more peaceful than the gaily coloured, happy bustle of a Latin city around me. I seem to have arrived too late to report the revolution. How pleasant are these well-dressed men (all hatless), so different from the discontented, ill-groomed Parisians; how enchanting these Catalonian women, so refreshing after the red-gashed, hot-house women of Paris. *(Cont. on p. 128)*



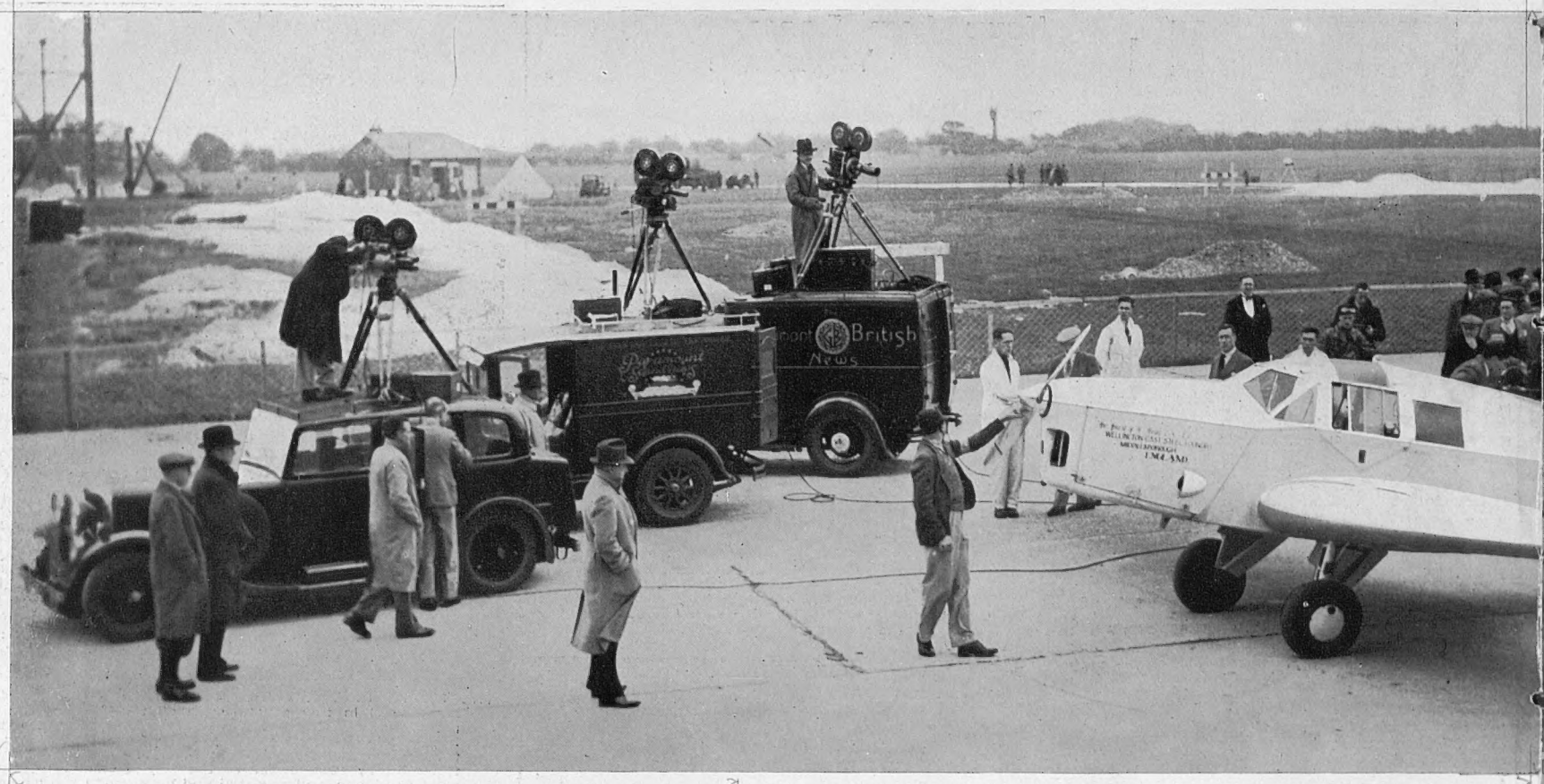
CIVIL STRIFE IN THE CATALAN CAPITAL: The three pictures reproduced in this column were all taken during the recent rising in Barcelona when an attempt was made by the Separatists to set up a Provisional Government in opposition to the Central Government in Madrid. The revolt failed as the military commander of the city remained loyal to the existing régime and arrested and imprisoned the ringleaders. This illustration shows Señor Badia, one of the Separatist chiefs, giving orders to his supporters from his car



WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR: Supporters of the Separatist cause gathered in a suburb of Barcelona before advancing on the city to occupy the Government buildings



A VITAL DAY FOR SPAIN: Some of General Batet's troops who fought and beat the revolutionaries. The officer seen with his head bandaged was seriously wounded during the battle but bravely continued to conduct operations



ONE OF THE FIRST ARRIVALS: Newsreel cameramen taking pictures of Flight Lieutenant at Mildenhall to check in

A PILOT OF EXPERIENCE: Captain Neville Stack in the cockpit of the *Airspeed Viceroy*—a machine that can do over 200 m.p.h.

AN AMERICAN ENTRY: The Granville Monoplane, which is being flown by Miss Jacqueline Cochran and Mr. Wesley Smith, seen after it had been unloaded from the *Olympic* at Southampton

Mildenhall Aerodrome, Suffolk.

THE over-riding requirements for success in an air race of some 11,000 miles are mechanical reliability, accurate navigation, and physical endurance. Mechanical trouble, even of the slightest, will put a competitor out of the race, failure to keep an accurate course may result in petrol shortage before a stage can be completed, and physical exhaustion may spoil the judgment of pilots when landing on the strange and none too ample aerodromes towards the end of the course.

Of the original sixty-four entrants only twenty-six now remain, and it is likely that at least two of these will fail to start. None of the machines are racing freaks, for they must hold a Certificate of Airworthiness as laid down by the International Convention on Air Navigation, and they have been carefully scrutinized by the officials to see that each complies with its certificate.

There are five compulsory stops in the speed section: Baghdad, Allahabad, Singapore, Darwin and Charleville, and the 2,530 miles between Mildenhall and Baghdad is the longest stage. Some of the competitors intend to fly each stage without an intermediate stop, and in their schedules are allowing only an hour for rest and refuelling at each stop.

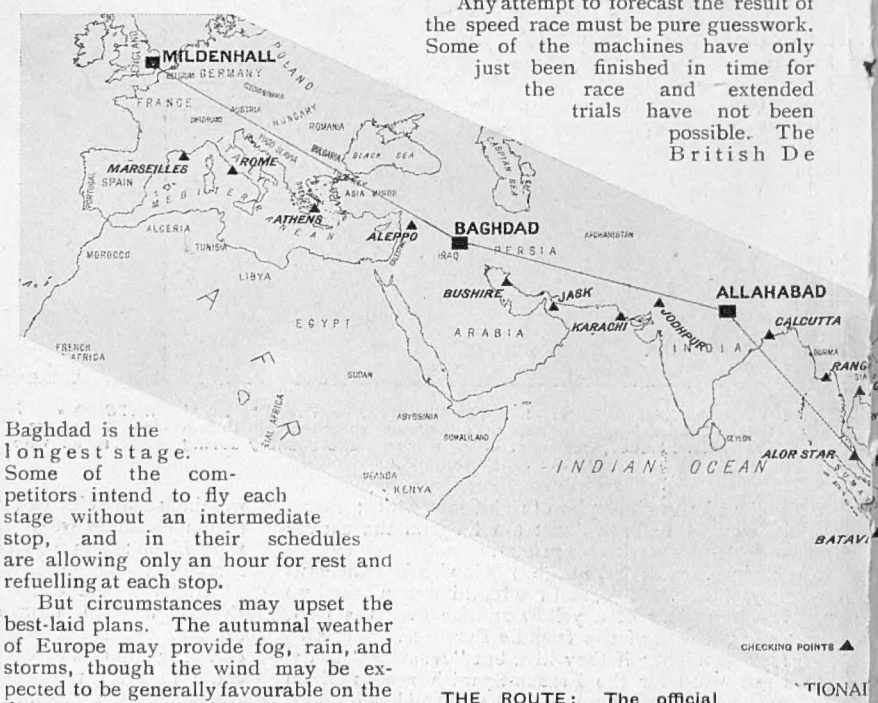
But circumstances may upset the best-laid plans. The autumnal weather of Europe may provide fog, rain, and storms, though the wind may be expected to be generally favourable on the direct course which will take the machines across Central Europe, over the south-western corner of the Black Sea, and across Turkey and the Taurus Mountains to Baghdad.

On the next stage, crossing Iraq, Persia, and Northern India to Allahabad, sand and dust storms may be encountered, increasing the difficulties of navigation and possibly causing damage to the highly-tuned engines. On the latter part of this stage and on that between Allahabad and Singapore the pilots may meet heavy rain, for—although they should miss the monsoon weather—five inches of rain fell at Allahabad last year between October 20 and 26. Few who have experienced tropical rain will envy a pilot who flies into it at perhaps 200 m.p.h.

THE Singapore–Darwin section is largely over water along the line of the Dutch East Indies and ends with the crossing of the Timor Sea. Finally, the deserted, waterless wastes of Northern Territory have to be crossed to Charleville, whence it is only a short stage of 787 miles to Melbourne.

The possibility of a forced landing, perhaps in the dark over unknown mountain and jungle country, will be ever present in the minds of the pilots, for some of the racing machines touch ground at over 70 m.p.h. when landing, so that if forced down away from an aerodrome the safety of the crew must depend largely on luck.

Any attempt to forecast the result of the speed race must be pure guesswork. Some of the machines have only just been finished in time for the race and extended trials have not been possible. The British De



THE ROUTE: The official map, issued by the Aero Club, showing Baghdad, Allahabad, Singapore, Darwin, and Charleville—the five points where all competitors must check in during the race. Other aerodromes marked will also be used by some of the 'planes

PER ARDUA AD AUSTRALIA

Scenes at Mildenhall Aerodrome where Competitors have been Gathering for the Start of the Melbourne Air Race

Shaw's British Klemm Eagle after it had landed

prestige gained by the pilots and the manufacturers of the winning aeroplane in the greatest race in the history of aviation.

Mildenhall Aerodrome, the starting point of the race, lies in the heathlands of Suffolk about ten miles from Newmarket. It is a new and almost completed R.A.F. station with a landing area of unusual size in perfect condition, and there are no obstructions in any direction which could interfere with the take-off of heavily loaded machines. Unsheltered and windswept it will be a cheerless spot at 6.30 a.m. on Saturday, the official starting time.

Last Sunday, the day on which all pilots were supposed to present themselves, the roads round the aerodrome were crowded with cars, cyclists, and pedestrians, and the hedges lined with people anxious to get a first glimpse of the arriving competitors. Two of these, Lieutenant Hansen, of Denmark, in a Desoutter Mk II, and Mr. John Wright, of the U.S.A., in his Lambert Monocoupé, an extremely neat scarlet cabin machine, had already arrived overnight.

THE most sensational machines to appear were the three D.H. Comets and the *Airspeed Viceroy*, all of which have speeds well over 200 m.p.h. Scott and Campbell Black in their bright green Comet, and Waller and Cathcart Jones in their scarlet one, made perfect landings, but Mr. and Mrs. Mollison, whose Comet is painted black, had to make three attemps before being able to land in the gusty wind. Later in the afternoon Captain Stack arrived at high speed in his most effective scarlet and cream *Viceroy*.

In all, only twelve machines had arrived by Sunday night, a disappointment to the crowds of spectators. The remaining competitors had all received extensions of time varying in length with the plausibility of their excuses; perhaps the best being that of two competitors who had to fly from America.

C. D. Palmer

COMPETING IN BOTH THE SPEED AND HANDICAP RACES: Mr. C. E. Kay and Mr. J. D. Hewett who pilot a De Havilland Dragon entered from New Zealand

FLYING ONE OF THE 235 M.P.H. COMETS: Mr. C. W. A. Scott and Mr. T. Campbell Black. The former flew from England to Australia in eight days twenty hours in 1932

AMONG THE FAVOURITES: Mr. K. F. H. Waller and Lieutenant Cathcart Jones with another of the D. H. Comets. They are hoping to reach Baghdad (2,530 miles) without having to make a stop

THE MOLLISONS: They know the route and have one of the best machines. Luck, however, will be a deciding factor in the race

IN THE SPEED SECTION: Mr. Wesley Smith

IN THE HANDICAP: Flight Lieutenant Geoffrey Shaw

A TRIO FROM THE U.S.: Mr. "Bill" Bowen (reserve pilot), Mr. J. H. Wright (owner), and Mr. Jack Polando (pilot), standing in front of their Lambert Monocoupé

Havilland Comets with a top speed of 235 m.p.h. and sufficient petrol, given favourable weather conditions, to reach Baghdad without stopping should have an excellent chance, particularly as their pilots, Mr. and Mrs. Mollison, C. W. A. Scott and Campbell Black, Ken Waller and Cathcart Jones are already familiar with the route.

Captain Neville Stack, the pilot of the *Airspeed Viceroy*, has many long-distance flights to his credit and his machine has been doing over 200 m.p.h. in tests. That it has a shorter range than some of his rivals may cause him to lose time through the need for more frequent stops for fuel.

The British pilots will have a formidable rival in the Dutch Pander Postjager which made a record flight to Batavia some time ago and has a top speed of over 220 m.p.h. Its crew are pilots of the Royal Dutch Air Line who have been working the regular mail service to Batavia and so know two-thirds of the course far more intimately than any of the British pilots.

The American machines, and under this head may be included machines of American design, to be flown by pilots of other countries are very fast, but the pilots are strange to the route. All, except Colonel Roscoe Turner who is flying an adaptation of a standard air liner with a cruising speed of 180 m.p.h., have pinned their faith to single engines. The special Bellanca machine entered by the Irish Hospitals Trust and flown by Colonel Fitzmaurice is probably the fastest.

Other things being equal, knowledge of the route is a supreme advantage, and it seems likely that the winner of the £10,000 will be the Dutch Pander or one of the three De Havilland Comets. But in a race of 11,300 miles anything may happen and luck must play a large part.

Far greater than the cash value of the £10,000 prize will be the world wide

CAUGHT UNAWARES

Intimate Camera Studies at the Motor Show

SALESMEN AT WORK: *Above*—Putting forth some convincing arguments in an effort to persuade two visitors into making a purchase. *Circle on right*—Listening to captious questioners

GADGET-MINDED: Inspecting the latest dashboard developments

CAN WE AFFORD IT, DEAR? Potential buyers of a baby car ponder over a vital problem

SELLING TECHNIQUE: Keeping the customer in a jovial mood often results in a quick deal. *Circle on left*—FEMININE INTEREST: The motor show is no longer the Mecca of the male only

Boats of Brazil

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND: A picturesque sailing canoe in the Bay of the Holy Saviour of All Saints. The boat is fashioned from a single hardwood log, and, with its lateen rig, is able to move at great speed

IN A SETTING OF TROPICAL LUXURIANCE: A sea-going lancha, a type of craft which is frequently to be seen on the coast of Brazil. It plies between the smaller ports and the city of Bahia, where its cargo, usually consisting of cocoa beans, is re-packed and prepared for export. The sails are somewhat unwieldy and need five or six men to handle them during a voyage

DRAMA ON AN ILLUMINATED CANVAS SCREEN: A shadow play in progress at an open-air theatre. The puppets which usually represent Grecian heroes and Turkish tyrants are manipulated with rods and are extremely life-like

WHEN GREEK MEETS TURK: Lambas Izawllas, a hero of the wars of independence, and Ali Pasha, the notorious tyrant. The figures of these puppets are made of camel skin, lightly painted

Greek Shadow Plays

Puppets that Fire the Imagination

ON my first evening in Greece I had an experience which I always remember with pleasure. I went to the Greek shadow-theatre. It struck me, not because it was the first popular entertainment which I witnessed there, or because it dimly reminded me of ancient Chinese and Arabian fairy tales; no, its overpowering attraction lay in the extreme simplicity of its style. Of course, a stranger was greatly enthralled by the multitude of people gathered there that evening (in striking contrast to the sleepy stillness of daytime); by the kaleidoscope of the costumes in their amazing variety of colouring; the cinemas and theatres that give their programmes in the open air beneath the Mediterranean night sky. But everything else paled, and seemed poor in comparison with the shadow drama of *Karaghioziz*.

I did not understand the language. The coarse jokes and the music were quite strange to me, whilst they aroused the audience around me to a frenzy of excitement. But what captivated me beyond words was that which a magician's art conjured on to the canvas screen. What wealth of expression in every movement of these primitive puppets! What pictures and what a powerful effect! Seeing them, I re-lived again all the dreams of my childhood: old fairy-tales rose before my eyes. Punch and Eulenspiegel and Puck and all the rest of them here won a new lease of surprisingly real life.

How the Greeks laughed when the fat old fool of a Turk, Kyrios Pepone, appeared, and how they reacted to every cunning prank of their favourite Karaghioziz. And what a roar of jollity broke out every time Barbagorghos, "the good-natured silly old uncle," made his appearance.

To me these pictures were full of overwhelmingly powerful action and clarity, which carried the imagination away as on wings. I sat on hour by hour, and again and again I experienced a deep delight. Whether there were only a few characters or the whole stage was full of actors, fancy followed bright fancy, and one clever idea the other. In spite of the complete simplicity of the whole affair, it was clear that a master of his art was giving us a full meed of his great abilities.

I also had an opportunity to take a look behind the illuminated canvas. There are not many of them, only three men, M. Molas and his two assistants, who were keeping the figures on the move with the help of long rods. With one rod the figures are pressed against the lighted screen and with the other the movements of the limbs are controlled. M. Molas, a finished artist, is possessed of a truly amazing skill in giving his characters dramatic force. He often has three of them in his hands at a time, and acts almost the whole play by himself, with a continuous change of movement. A master who can breathe life into his puppets.

Paul Popper

SATYR IN SILHOUETTE: The clever Karaghioziz (right), a favourite character, has a battle of words with a Turk. The sound effects are supplied by men behind the screen

Below—KARAGHIOZIZ KISSES THE MONK'S HAND: A scene from *Athanasios Diaskonos*—one of the best-known of the shadow plays

IN THE HAREM: Karaghioziz makes love to the beautiful Aissa

THE CONSPIRATORS: Karaghioziz and Ratsantanis hatching a plot

IN THE WAKE OF THE JAPANESE TYPHOON

First Pictures taken after the Disaster on September 21 in which 1,600 People Lost their Lives

CHAOS ON THE LINE: This Kyoto-Osaka train was overturned by the force of the hundred miles an hour gale. Several people were killed and more than twenty were seriously injured

AT THE SUSAKI AERODROME, TOKYO: Although the Japanese capital was only on the fringe of the typhoon, the wind was strong enough to blow down five aeroplane hangars and to wreck twenty of the machines

REFUGE OF THE HOMELESS: Women and children taking shelter for the night in the waiting-room of a railway station after their homes had been wrecked

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF OSAKA: Steel telephone posts leaning crazily across a railroad, and an electric train overturned. Another picture which gives some idea of the terrible havoc that was wrought throughout Central Japan. The typhoon, which was the worst in the history of the country, resulted in a death roll of 1,600, with 3,700 injured. Millions of pounds' worth of damage was done, seventy-seven schools were blown down, 178,000 houses collapsed, coastal vessels and fishing boats were blown out to sea, and crops were ruined. In the city of Osaka alone the loss is estimated at over £31,250,000, and it will probably be many months before work is restarted in some of the factories

PARTICIPANTS IN AMERICA'S CAUSE CÉLÈBRE: *Left*—Mrs. Laura K. Morgan and Mrs. Harry Payne-Whitney. *Right*—Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

These three members of New York society are the principal figures in the sensational legal battle in which Mrs. Vanderbilt is fighting to regain custody of her ten-year-old daughter Gloria, the £800,000 heiress. The child is at present in the care of her aunt, Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. Morgan is Mrs. Vanderbilt's mother, and is actually giving evidence against her, as she does not think her daughter is a fit person to have charge of Gloria

FAMOUS TWINS: Lady Furness (right) who sailed for New York when the trial came up for hearing in order to give evidence on behalf of her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt (left)

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL: Gloria Vanderbilt round whom the fight for possession rages. Her nurse at first stated that she had been ill-treated but afterwards withdrew what she had said

TWENTY STONE OF BRAWN: "Tiny" Moore, a giant Kansas University football player, with one of his colleagues in the team

"POWER OF WATER": This is the title of one of the new statues being made for Lafayette Park, Los Angeles

N.R.A. FAILS

But President Roosevelt is Still Trying to Find a Way Out of the Wood

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT'S original N.R.A. programme of recovery has failed. That is the significance of the resignation of General Hugh S. Johnson and the appointment of Donald R. Richberg to succeed him at the head of a largely revised organization.

After nineteen months, during which the Federal Government has spent billions of dollars in a vain effort to put the United States of America back on its feet, the President has been forced to confess failure, and to adopt a new method of attack. By courtesy, the old name of N.R.A. remains; but the new organization resembles the old no more closely than day does night. The Blue Eagle still screams, but its voice is now pitched in an A Flat Major.

The failure of N.R.A. has been apparent to informed Americans for months. There was no law to prevent private capital from hoarding its funds, and private capital has hoarded its funds. Since the whole object of N.R.A. was to put the funds of private capital in circulation, this has obviously meant failure. The chances are now that private capital will receive certain concessions in the form of abandonment of governmental price and production control, but will be expected to do something definite about using its funds to put people to work and to accelerate the wheels of national recovery. If it does not respond to the change in the Government's front it may find itself faced by even sharper governmental regulation. After all, Roosevelt must run for re-election in 1936, and so far, sad to relate, he has accomplished exactly nothing. Private capital has stalemated him at every turn, and it now has him in a corner.

ROOSEVELT did forestall revolution in the United States. He did revive hope where there was little but despair. But the number of people on relief in the United States, according to the Government's own figures, will increase from 15,000,000 now to 20,000,000 this winter; and instead of reducing Federal expenditure for relief and recovery, the Government will be forced to increase it. The President must now turn the tide if he is to turn it at all.

Substantially, his latest move has been to take the reins into his own hands and to assume direct responsibility for what happens next. Richberg will have even greater powers than Johnson had, but the President will be looking over his shoulder prepared to guide his hand.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Roosevelt is desperate. However natural it might be for him to be desperate, nothing could be further from the fact. It must be remembered that, for all practical purposes, Roosevelt has conquered the dread disease of infantile paralysis. Recently when a friend asked him why he was not disturbed by the avalanche of catastrophe, he replied that he had lain helpless on a bed unable to move a foot. He is reported to have said: "Since I have solved that problem, these problems are nothing."

This feeling is genuine in the President. It frightens many people. It inspires others. Some are fearful that he under-estimates the danger. Others believe he could not cope with the danger if he could not under-estimate it. But the feeling is there, and it is more indicative of what Roosevelt's course may be than any other one thing. It explains why, at this point, he is willing to undertake more work and assume more responsibility.

THERE is debate as to whether he is swinging to the right or the left, and all of that debate is beside the point. "Right" and "left" mean nothing to Roosevelt. He is equally unimpressed by the terms "radical" and "reactionary." He will be as radical as he believes necessary and he will be as reactionary as he believes necessary.

Indicative of his attitude are his new appointments to N.R.A. and to N.I.R.A., the National Industrial Recovery Administration. At the head is Richberg, known as an arch-Radical, an attorney for railroad union labour for years. With him are Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labour, and Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, both known and feared as Radicals.

The real force of the President's latest move was prefigured in his recently launched federal housing programme, in which he is spending money like water to advertise to the public that the Government will guarantee loans made by private banks to finance building operations by privately-owned building industries.

If that does not work, the probability is that the Federal Government, through the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, will lend so much Government money that private capital will either have to put its funds into circulation or face disaster. The object, and the whole object, is to force private funds into circulation.

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A KING'S LAST JOURNEY

And his Young Successor Leaves England for the Continent

FROM ENGLISH SCHOOL TO BALKAN THRONE: *Left*—The cross-Channel steamer, with its flag at half mast, in which the late King Alexander's eleven-year-old son crossed to France with his grandmother, the Dowager Queen of Rumania. *Right*—A poignant study of the boy king as the boat neared Calais Harbour. He knew that his father had been involved in a motor accident but was not told of the assassination until he reached Paris. During his minority Yugoslavia will be governed by a Regency

MOURNING IN MARSEILLES: *Left*—The bodies of King Alexander and M. Barthou, draped with the flags of their respective countries, lying in state in a hastily erected Chapel Ardente in the Prefecture. *Right*—Officers saluting the coffin on the quayside

A TRAGIC FAREWELL: *Left*—M. Lebrun, the French President, walking along the quay at Marseilles with the widowed Queen Marie. *Right*—The coffin bearing the last remains of the murdered King being carried on to the cruiser *Dubrovnik* which left at once for Yugoslavia

PETER I who was proclaimed King of Serbia when the Obrenovitch dynasty became extinct in 1903. He was not in a strong enough position to deal justice to the murderers of his predecessor and, as a result, the new monarchy was not recognised by Britain. In 1914 he handed over the regency to his second son

QUEEN NATALIE, wife of King Milan Obrenovitch

OLD SERBIA'S TWO DYNASTIES

The Karageorgevitch

Alexander
ruled 1842–1858
(deposed)

Peter I
ruled 1903–1921

Alexander
1921–1934
(assassinated)

Peter II
(The Boy King)

The Obrenovitch

Milosh—First Hereditary Prince
ruled 1817–1839
(abdicated)

Michael
ruled 1860–1868
(assassinated)

Milan—Cousin of Michael
ruled 1868–1889
(abdicated)

Alexander
ruled 1889–1903
(assassinated)

ALEXANDER I, who ruled Serbia from 1889 to 1903. His marriage to Draga Mashin, one of his mother's ladies-in-waiting, caused general opposition and a few months later both were assassinated

KING MILAN: He came to the throne in 1868 but alienated his subjects because of his pro-Austrian attitude. He abdicated in 1889 in favour of his son

Drawn by F. Matania

SERBIA'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR: *Left*—Gunners defending the hill country in a desperate but unavailing attempt to check the advance of the Austro-German forces in 1915. *Right*—A tragic scene on a Serbian highway as the civil population were forced to leave their homes and seek refuge behind the Allies' lines

THE CHANGED FACE OF EAST CENTRAL EUROPE: The lighter portion of the map on the left shows the vast territory that was Austro-Hungary, in the most southerly portion of which were Croatia and Bosnia. The map on the right shows how these two provinces were united with the kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro to become Yugoslavia—now the most troubled of all the Balkan countries

Troubled Pages in Balkan History

A Tale of Abdications and Assassinations

SERBIA has had a troubled and restless history ever since she overthrew the Turks in 1804 and established her independence. She has had two reigning families, the Karageorgevitch and the Obrenovitch, whose personal feuds added to the natural difficulties of a small agricultural country, surrounded by powers with whom she was, more or less, always in trouble. Many of her rulers have either abdicated, been deposed, or suffered the violent death of assassination. The first of the hereditary princes was Milosh Obrenovitch, who reigned from 1817 to 1839 when he was forced to abdicate, being succeeded by his son, Michael, who, within a very short time was also driven into exile.

The military forces who had overthrown the late rulers then appointed Alexander Karageorgevitch. He governed for sixteen years, a fairly prosperous period, but when at last he was obliged to call a National Assembly, it retaliated by forcing an abdication, and recalling Prince Milosh, then quite an elderly man.

He died the following year, his son Michael again succeeding to the uneasy post of Prince of Serbia. Michael was a man of considerable gifts who had learnt much from foreign travel during his exile, returning full of zeal to improve the conditions of his country. He determined that law should prevail in the land, busied himself with the reorganization of the army and succeeded in interesting the Powers in the future of Serbia. The partizans of the Karageorgevitch family watched the progress with uneasiness and succeeded in assassinating him when he was walking in the park near his summer residence. The plot to seize the Government failed, and Prince Milan, a cousin (for Prince Michael had had no son), was immediately proclaimed. A war with Turkey during his reign of twenty-one years brought great suffering to the little Principality, but Russia came to their aid and at the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 complete independence was assured to Serbia but their great aspirations for a larger Serbia were not granted, much to their disappointment.

Russia was considered in this to have deserted them, and King Milan, as he had been proclaimed in 1882, began to look to Austria and to spend much time in Vienna, where he was reputed to squander his country's money. This naturally brought about unpopularity, increased by the legitimate but much disliked taxation for the making of railways and the payment of compensation to the Turkish landowners, whose property had been taken and divided amongst the peasants. But King Milan's behaviour to his beautiful wife, Queen Natalie, from whom he obtained a divorce, much against the wishes of his people, was the culminating error which induced him not long afterwards to resign the throne to his only son, Alexander. Alexander's reign, which began with a regency, was signalized by confusion and unrest, everyone seeking the spoils of office, and brigandage being rife. When he was seventeen the young King suddenly proclaimed himself of age and dismissed the regency, but his personal rule brought no security to Serbia. He maintained himself in power by a series of *coups d'état*, and fresh constitutions were promulgated every few years.

He finally roused the country against him by marrying Mme Draga Mashin, whose reputation was not of the highest, and whose supposed intrigue to have her brother proclaimed heir-apparent, caused the greatest indignation. The unlucky couple had so alienated sympathy that the Serbian people received the news of their murder in the palace, under circumstances of shocking brutality, with almost indifference. The Obrenovitch dynasty had ended in disaster, and Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, the son of Prince Alexander (who had been deposed in 1858), was made king. Europe was shocked not only by the callousness of the murder of King Alexander and the Queen, but by the fact that the regicides took over all the positions of authority. All the Powers, with the exception of Austria and Russia, withdrew their representatives and Great Britain refused to acknowledge King Peter until the regicides were removed in 1906.

The Serbian people found in King Peter a ruler who was whole-heartedly bent upon restoring prosperity and also upon realizing the union of Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, in one empire. The first shadow of the Great War began in 1908, when Austria annexed Bosnia, and in so doing aroused the indignation of Serbia, who was with difficulty restrained by the Powers from going to war. Four years later the Balkan League was formed by Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece, and war declared against Turkey to deliver Macedonia from Turkish rule. To the surprise of everyone the Turkish armies were completely routed, and Turkey almost driven out of Europe, but over the settlement of the conquered districts quarrels arose among the allies, and Serbia and Greece went to war with Bulgaria.

(Continued on p. 126)

RURAL DOMESTICITY: A delightful study taken in a farmstead on the borders of Hungary and Yugoslavia. Note the decorated milk jugs

OXEN: In many parts of Eastern Europe agricultural practice has changed but little during the last four centuries and this type of beast of burden is still used extensively

PEACE ON THE DANUBE PLAIN

HELPING WITH THE PLOUGHING: A picturesquely-clad peasant girl leads the yoked oxen across a field

THE BEA

THE CROATIAN CAPITAL

The thirteenth-century church of St. Marcus is in one of the main squares of Zagreb. Note on the decorated roof the arms of the city (right) and of Croatia (left)

GOSSIP IN THE MARKET PLACE

Once a week on market day the peasant folk of the country come into town. Politics is almost invariably the chief topic of discussion

...ITY OF THE BALKANS

Scenes in Croatia—The Smiling Land of an Unquiet People

IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST: Three young ladies wearing their beautifully embroidered national costumes

OLD-WORLD CHARM: The twin spires of Zagreb's fifteenth-century cathedral towering above the houses. *Right*—Lake Plitvice, a famous Yugoslavian beauty spot

A SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS

He is over ninety years old but he still goes out with his flock in all weathers

The Croats—one of the three dominant races of Yugoslavia which the late King Alexander tried so gallantly to unite—are a people who have always had a grievance, who have always wanted freedom but have never been satisfied when a measure of it has been granted to them. On their attitude largely depends the future of Yugoslavia and of the monarchy.

"THE GRAHAM CHILDREN": This well-known conversation piece by Hogarth has been presented to the National Gallery by Lord Duveen of Millbank through the National Art Collections Fund. A full description of it appears in the note given below

A NOTABLE HOGARTH

Given to the Nation

"THE GRAHAM CHILDREN," which measures 64 in. by 72 in., is the largest and most ambitious of all Hogarth's portrait groups, and its presentation to the National Gallery enriches an already fine collection of this artist's works. It is signed, W. Hogarth pinx., and apparently dated 1752, though the third figure is not easy to distinguish. The group consists of four children; two girls standing in the centre, a little boy seated to the right playing a musical box in rivalry with a bird in a cage, and on the left, a baby in a very elaborate rococo go-cart. Of these only the little boy can be identified by name. He was a certain Richard Robert Graham (1734–1816), who in later life became apothecary to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. He was an acquaintance of Sir George Beaumont, one of the founders of the National Gallery, who used to visit him and on one occasion brought Joseph Farington, the diarist, who wrote: "To Mr. Graham's at Chelsea where we saw a picture of portraits of children painted by Hogarth in 1742. The portraits were of Mr. Graham and his sisters—Mr. Graham said he was then between eight and nine years old."

Art critics, while praising this picture for its vitality, generally agree that it does not belong to Hogarth's best period as do the paintings reproduced at the foot of this page.

In his description of "The Shrimp Girl" in his monumental work on British painting, M. H. Spielmann wrote: "As an example of expressive brushwork the picture is remarkable. It is difficult to believe that this loosely handled piece of impressionism belongs to the middle of the eighteenth century. The instantaneousness of the expression, the smile of the half-opened mouth, the merry brightness of the queer eyes, the fusing of the vague, nondescript tones of which the whole picture is composed, the extraordinary sense of atmosphere—all seem to unite in proclaiming for this embodiment of the *joie de vivre* a modernity which has no parallel in the painting of the time. The aspect of this merry creature seems to be affixed to the canvas by some strange magic which defies detection or explanation. The artistry of 'The Shrimp Girl' is supreme. The picture is sketchy and yet complete—a creation of exuberant vitality which entitles Hogarth to a place among the very elect in the art not only of his country but of the world."

National Gallery

"THE SHRIMP GIRL": It is rated as one of Hogarth's finest and most vivacious works

National Gallery

"HOGARTH'S SERVANTS": A detail from a brilliantly conceived portrait group

SCREEN SUCCESSES

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Blossom Time," and "Jew Süss"

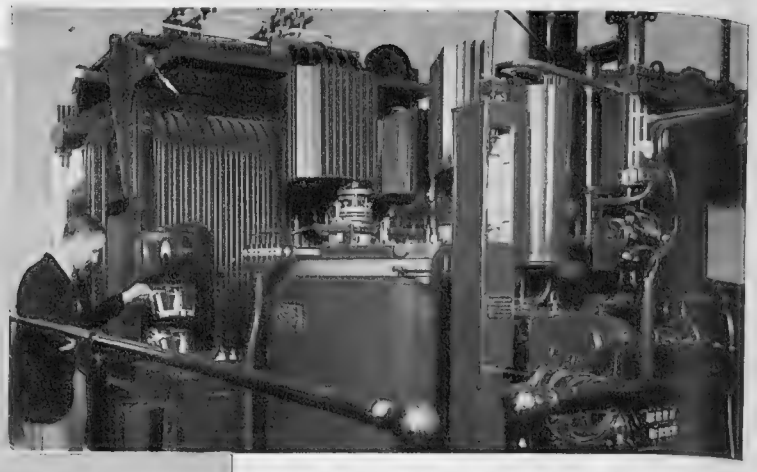
DRAWING ALL LONDON: Elizabeth (Norma Shearer) pleads with her tyrant father (Charles Laughton) to allow her sister to see the man she loves. A dramatic moment in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* at the Empire—the film version of Rudolf Besier's successful play of the same name

MISERY AND SYMPATHY: Elizabeth comforts her sister Henrietta (Maureen O'Sullivan) who is weeping bitterly because of the cruel restrictions placed on her freedom by her father—another scene from *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*

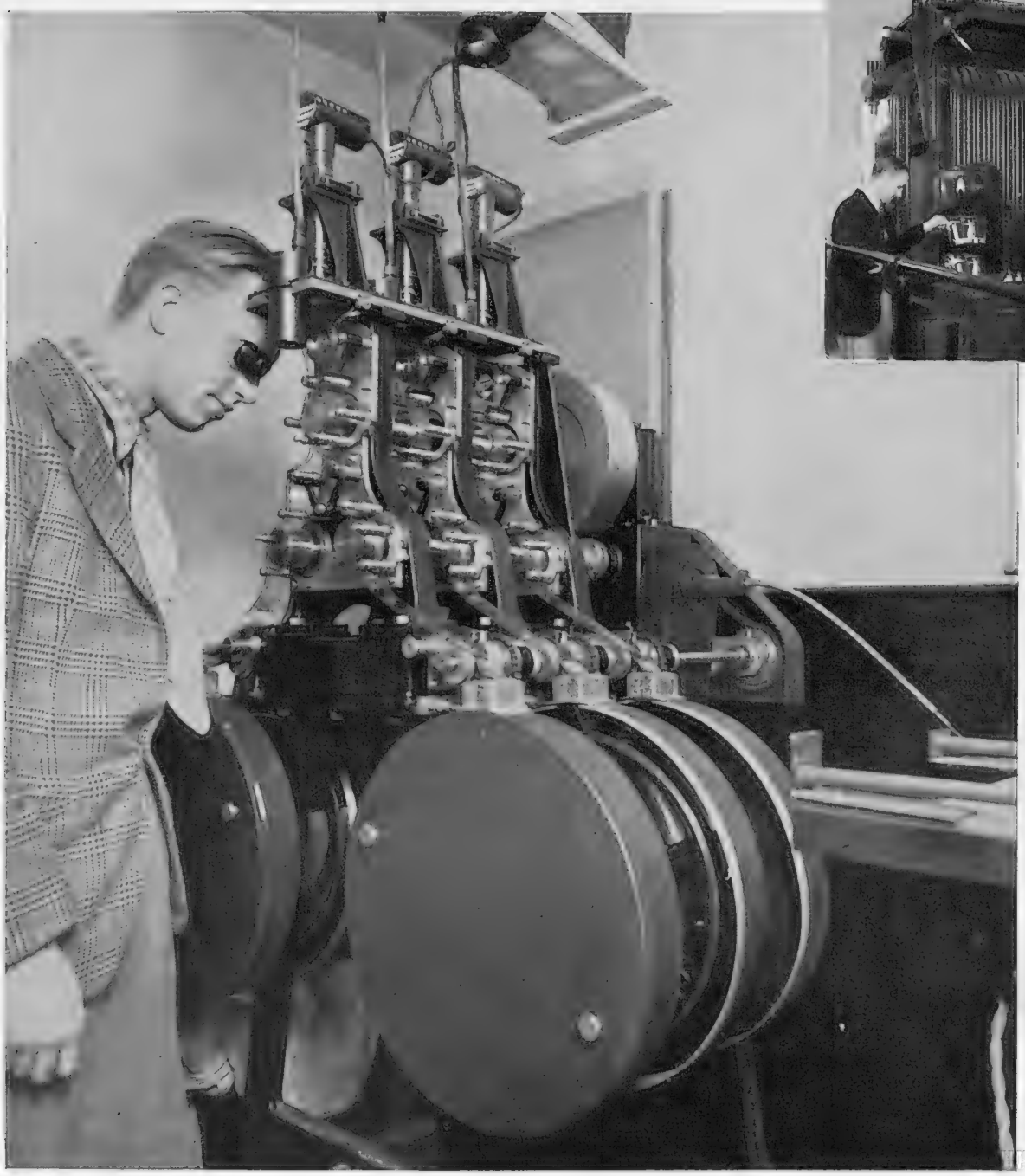
THE POMP OF POWER: The Jew (Conrad Veidt), who has worked himself up to the foremost position in the State, returns to the Frankfurt ghetto, where he was born, to pay a visit to his mother. A scene from *Jew Süss*—the Gaumont-British picture based on the novel by Feuchtwanger

FOR MUSIC LOVERS: Jane Baxter in *Blossom Time*—the film dealing with the life of Franz Schubert which has just ended its long run at the Regal, Marble Arch. Richard Tauber's magnificent singing in the principal part has earned him high praise

FLUSH: The clever cocker spaniel in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. He is owned by Katherine Cornell, the actress



AT THE TWICKENHAM FILM STUDIOS: *Left*—a scene from the local supply is converted into direct lined with wool slag in order to



SOUND COMBINED WITH ACTION: This remarkable machine is used for adding the sound track to a completed mute film, and the dialogue and music are made to synchronize perfectly with the action of the players. This, and the other pictures on these pages were all taken for "The Sphere" at the newly re-equipped Twickenham Studios which are among the most up-to-date in the country

AN INTERESTING INNOVATION: Those not actually taking part in a scene can witness what is going on on the stage from the sound-proof windows of the gallery dressing-rooms

A £3,000 A

And Other Aspects of

By CHARLES

ONCE upon a time there was a publicity man who became quite depressed when he found that the newspapers had become sceptical about the continued series of jewel thefts apparently incurred by the actresses he represented. Then he had a brain wave. He announced that the legs of Mistinguett, or some other equally legendary star, had been insured for £20,000. This was a novelty. All the papers printed it, and for a while went on printing the similar items about other actresses. It was a bright idea from the point of view of the publicity man. The premium was infinitesimal, and anyway it made a good story.

To-day, in the film world, an enormous amount of genuine insurance is done to protect film companies from the loss they would automatically incur if any of their stars or directors or head camera-men were incapacitated during the making of a picture. Yet, oddly enough, the various film companies have spoken very little indeed about this side of their business. Every now and then, admittedly, one reads that it is estimated that several hundred pounds a day were involved by the illness of some principal, but nobody has really gone into the matter of the exact premiums paid and the exact losses incurred in such cases. Actually, the amount involved annually by these film policies runs into nearly £10,000,000 a year at the very least. Take Alexander Korda alone. His life is insured for £100,000; in addition, his company receives £2,000 per week up to thirty weeks if he is unable to carry out his duties as a film producer. I am assured that George Arliss's death during the making of the *Iron Duke*, now in process of shooting, would cost Lloyd's a trifle over £120,000.

OF course, the period of time during which the normal insurance of a film artist is valid seldom exceeds seven or eight weeks, which is the usual length of time for the actual making of the picture nowadays. On the other hand, with big stars like Bergner and Charles Laughton, the film company has to insure against the possible illness of these stars from the moment when the signature is put on the contract to the end of the picture. For in cases like this the big stars are paid a lump sum in the neighbourhood of £5,000 in advance. During the actual shooting of the picture the director, eight or ten of the leading artists, and the head camera-men are all insured, probably (if it is a big picture) on a £75,000 basis. If an important artist is taken ill during the ticklish weeks of shooting, the film company has the option of scrapping all work up to date and substituting a new artist or of suspending the production. The latter choice is sometimes out of the question if the other artists are already booked for other films by other companies immediately following their present engagement; or again, if the studio itself is booked for some other film immediately following the existing one.

When Korda was taken ill for thirteen days during *Don Juan* (he had 'flu) it cost the insurance people £3,900. When Binnie Barnes was ill for one week during the making of *Counsel's Opinion* they had to pay up £1,750. When the electrician fell on Miss Evelyn Laye during *Princess Charming* the sum of over £5,000 was involved. In *Henry the Eighth* the authentic furniture and jewellery and animals were insured for £15,000, but fortunately in this case nothing was damaged. At the present minute there is a film called *Bosambo* being made. It is a screen adaptation of Edgar Wallace's thriller *Sanders of the River*. In order to get its correct exteriors, camera-men had to be sent to the Congo, Uganda, and Tanganyika. They were away five months. This insurance premium alone amounted to £1,500. In the case of the

Inside the new power house where alternating current current for the arc lamps. *Right*—The walls of the stage prevent the entrance of extraneous sounds

DAY COLD

Film Star Insurance

GRAVES

Scarlet Pimpernel on which Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard are engaged, it is £1,250. The premium paid for *Don Juan* was £1,400.

Even when the film is complete there are items like the premium to be paid on the safe passage of the negative to America. The *Don Juan* negative which has just been sent to America was insured for £150,000, at the rate of 3s. 6d. per £100.

In view of the heavy risks involved during the brief period of making the film it is only surprising to the outsider that the premiums are not higher and that the insurance company are so ready to insure them. And yet, in the case of Korda's film company, I am assured that only three claims have been made in respect of the nine pictures so far completed. This means that in six cases they got back 20 per cent. of the premium because they made no claim.

IN front of me lies a typical insurance policy. It is that covering the film *Henry VIII*. The original sum insured was £30,000, the premium for which was £725. Later on these figures were increased. For the first thing you notice is an endorsement showing that £165 was returned by Lloyd's as a "no-claim bonus." The period was from May 9 of last year to June 26, both days inclusive. The principals involved were Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Alexander Korda, Miles Mander, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Franklin Dyall, and Robert Donat. All these were insured against being prevented by physical inability from continuing their performances.

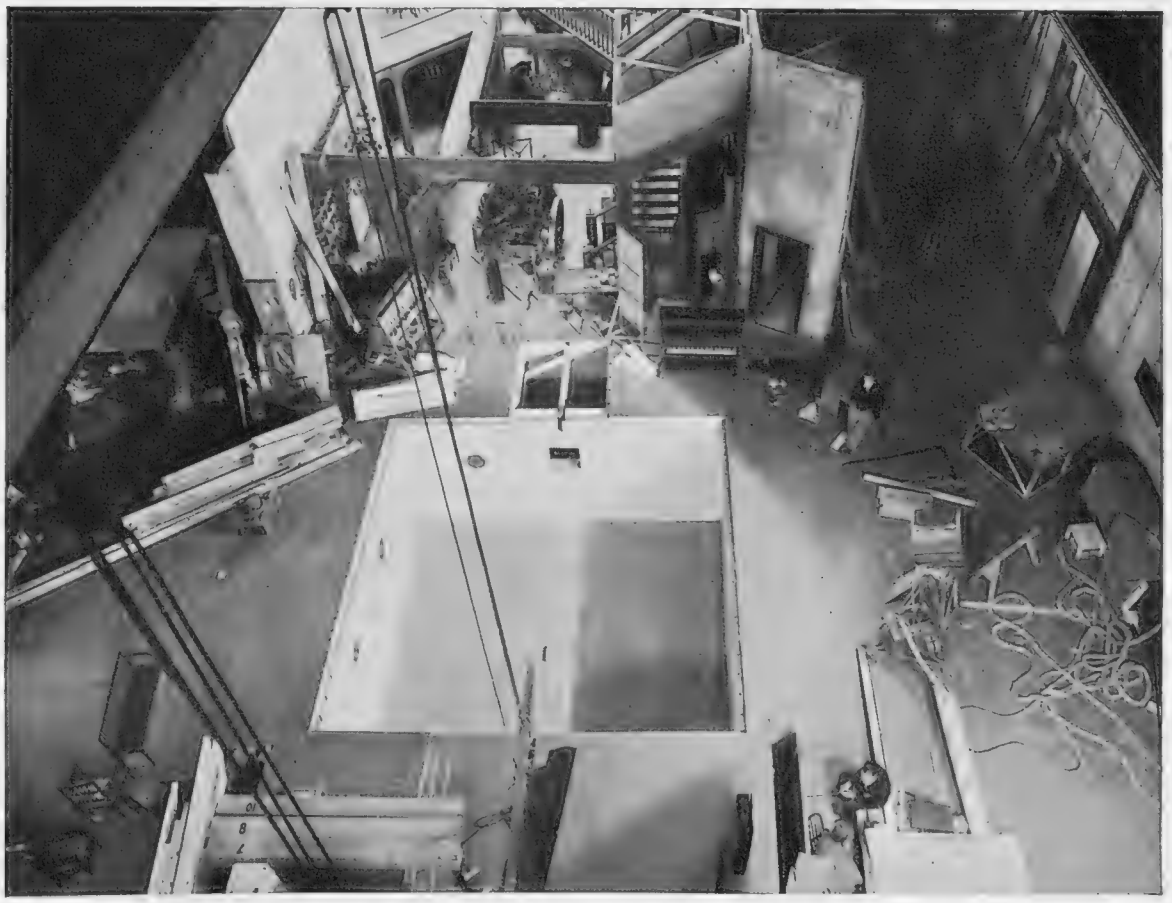
But there were special conditions; thus, no claim could attach to the policy if any of them undertook flying or other hazardous feats undertaken directly in connection with the production of the picture. Similarly, the physical inability of any actress named in the schedule caused through any illness not common to both sexes is also excepted.

In the ordinary way laryngitis, influenza, and broken ribs caused by mock fights on the set are the main risks. Occasionally, however, there are genuine cases of nervous breakdown, of eye trouble from the arc lights, and sometimes there is a fire. There is, too, always a danger that the studio light-generating plant may break down. You may also have peculiar misfortunes like that of the electrician who fell on Evelyn Laye.

NEEDLESS to say, the medical certificates demanded by insurance companies are very fairly severe. In the proposal form for Film Producers' indemnity policies the person to be insured has to put in his or her height and weight as well as age. In addition to the usual queries, there is one asking whether there has been any exposure to any infectious or contagious disease during the past three weeks. There is another asking whether the insuree intends to pursue any sport or other occupation rendering him or her more than usually liable to accident during the next few weeks. It will be noticed, however, that in the general insurance of any film, in estimating the cost of production the story rights, musical rights, scenario expenses, dialogue expenses, head office expenses, publicity expenses, recording and other royalties are not taken into account.

It is not in the province of this article to refer to the hundreds of thousands of pounds that have to be spent in premiums each year to insure cinemas, news-reel trucks and vans, and all the other necessary ingredients of the film industry. It is enough to see, let us say, Mr. George Arliss emerging from a car in the Strand, and realizing that a couple of sneezes from the illustrious actor might forebode the paying out of hard cash by Lloyd's to the tune of £3,000 a day while his common or house cold chose to prolong itself.

THE CHIEF RECORDING ENGINEER AT HIS SWITCHBOARD: When dialogue and music are being recorded the sounds come through with varying intensity, and it is the engineer's job either to increase or lessen this in order to produce an harmonious result



Pictures by William Davis

THE STAGE: In the centre is a 16 ft. deep swimming pool with a camera pit at one end from which it is possible to take under-water pictures

IF IN DOUBT ASK A POLICEMAN: A visitor from abroad seeks the aid of a courteous constable

LE TOURISME:

How the Nations are Attracting Foreign Visitors—and their Money

By J. BAKER WHITE

IN the monthly returns issued by the Board of Trade and constituting one of the most accurate barometers of the economic state of the nation will be found a heading, "Other Sources." On investigation it will be found that under this heading are included such items as remittances by Britons abroad to persons resident at home, sales of second-hand ships, the savings of returning emigrants, and the expenditure of foreign tourists in the United Kingdom. Corresponding payments, and expenditure by Britons touring abroad, appear on the export side of the trade accounts. It is thus that we conceal, even in these days of detailed statistics, the existence of an important national industry. And for that matter international, for "le tourisme"—the French language once more provides an adequate title—is an industry that has world-wide ramifications in that it is of importance to a score of nations.

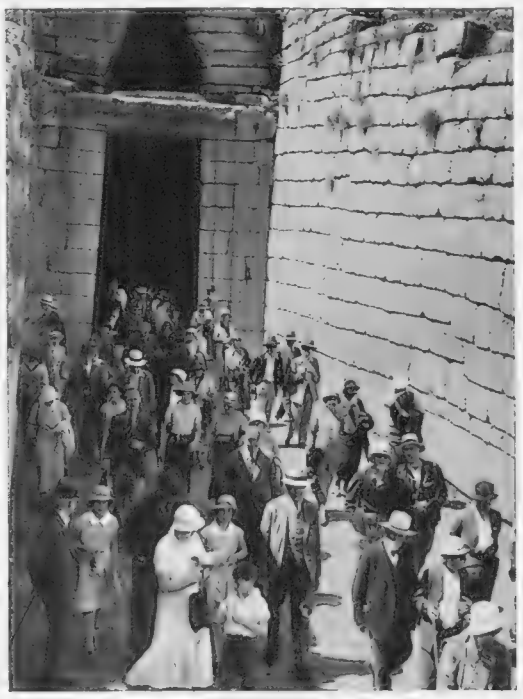
As far as the British tourist industry is concerned it has undergone vast changes in the past three years. Ever since the days of the Grand Tour the British people have been great travellers for pleasure, and so valued contributors to the national income of many nations. On the other hand, it is only since 1931 that we have set out seriously to attract foreign visitors other than rich Americans and cosmopolitan Continentals and Indians. Only since we went off the Gold Standard have we entered into serious competition with the countries that have had highly developed tourist industries for years past. It has been calculated by a competent expert that in 1930 visitors from abroad spent about £21,600,000 in Britain, while British tourists spent £32,220,000 abroad, thus creating a debit balance of nearly £10,600,000 in our balance of payments. By developing our tourist industry we have done something to reduce this balance.

THE figures tell their own story. In the first eight months of the year—the latest periods for which figures are available—there were 157,489 foreign visitors to Great Britain. This represents an increase of 16,016 over the total for the same period of 1933. In August alone there were 33,747 visitors, or 2,622 more than in the same month of last year. It is significant and satisfactory that 9,435 of them came from the United States—an indication that Americans are once more coming here in large numbers—and that 7,932 came from France, the nation with the most highly developed tourist industry. Further, in making comparisons with last year, it must be remembered that the total figures of foreign visitors in 1933 showed an increase of 5,223 over 1932, in spite of a decline of 13,304 in the visitors from the United States. These figures do not tell anything like the whole story, for they do not include week-end and day excursionists from the Continent.

It is a pity that the official returns are not more complete, for this year there have been many Australians and South Africans over here, as well as thousands of enthusiastic excursionists from the Continent. One restaurant in London alone fed 12,000 such visitors up to the end of August. Nevertheless these figures, incomplete though they may be, are sufficient to show that in a period of world economic crisis we have established a successful and growing tourist industry.

There have been many calculations as to what tourists from abroad have spent in Britain this year. Allowing an expenditure of £40 per head for the 157,500 visitors mentioned above—and £40 is not by any means an excessive figure for an average stay of three weeks—we arrive at a figure of £6,300,000, but if we take into account steamship, rail and air receipts, the expenditure of Dominion, day and week-end visitors, a figure of £14,000,000 for the eight months would be nearer the mark. If the Royal Wedding in November is the attraction it is expected to be, we may assume that by the end of the year the tourist industry will have brought in something like £20,000,000 to the national income. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that British tourists abroad are taking money out of the country, though the popularity of cruising means that much less is spent abroad to-day than even three years ago. As has been shown, at that time there was an annual debit balance of about £10,000,000. It is not unreasonable to hope that this year will show the final disappearance of the debit.

There are also some striking facts regarding the importance of the tourist industry to other countries. Canada has developed her tourist trade since the War, and beautiful scenery, fine roads, and Prohibition have made her the holiday resort for many Americans. In 1933 more than 9,700,000 people visited Canada, all but about 10,000 of them from the United States, and 8,920,000 came by motor.



AT THE TOMBS OF MYCENAE: Greece derives tens of thousands of pounds every year from tourists

Although, because of the slump and the counter-attraction of the World's Fair at Chicago, tourist expenditure in Canada was lower in 1933 than it had been for ten years, it totalled 110,000,000 dollars, almost equal to the value of the Dominion wheat exports and greater than her exports of paper. In the period 1923–33 inclusive the average value of Canada's mineral exports, including gold and silver, was about 161,000,000 dollars, but the average annual tourist expenditure was well over 200,000,000 dollars.

FRANCE, with her efficient Office National de Tourisme, was one of the first countries to concentrate on the development of the industry, and was the first to feel the effects of the slump. The total of foreign visitors fell from 1,911,000 in 1929 to 944,300 in 1932, and to an even lower level in 1933, the most noticeable decline being in the number of South American visitors. This represents a considerable fall in the national revenue, and even the Parisians will admit that London is now the amusement centre of the world. But it must not be imagined that France is doing nothing to arrest the decline, for she is developing Morocco as a tourist centre. And with no little success, as evidenced by the figures of British visitors—2,000 in 1929 and an expectation of about 45,000 this year. Incidentally another part of North Africa, Tangier, thanks to the cruising habit, is compensating a declining trade with tourists. The number of visitors, most of whom are British, increased from 65,621 in 1931 to 85,600 in 1933.

Italy, Switzerland, and Germany have been fighting this year with cut railway fares and other attractions to maintain their tourist traffic. The Nazi Government and exchange restrictions have not encouraged foreign visitors to Germany, but Oberammergau is said to have been very successful. Germany to-day is not an attraction for the casual holiday visitor, any more than Berlin is now to the seeker after hectic night life, but it is an extraordinarily interesting place for the discerning seeker after beautiful scenery and for the student of politics. Owing to the ban on German visitors and her internal disturbances Austria has lost a lot of her tourist revenue this year. The Lido is not what it was, and the Swiss hotel keepers, while deploring the effects of the adverse exchange value of the franc to British visitors, are managing to keep going till things improve. It is generally admitted that Britain, and British cruising ships, have had the cream of the tourist traffic this year.

TOURISM, and the business of catering for people who want holidays and amusement, is a great and important industry in which millions of pounds are invested. In this country there are 398,780 insured persons dependent upon hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants, and clubs for their livelihood. A further 107,000 are dependent upon the entertainment and sports industry. But the ramifications of the tourist industry extend far beyond these groups. Railways and road transport, air services, shipping lines, are all dependent upon tourists for an appreciable part of their income, as are certain types of shops in tourist centres. The increase of Imperial Airway passengers from 22,597 in 1930–31 to 50,945 in 1933–34; the steady improvement this year in retail trade in London and elsewhere: the increased rail traffics; all these facts are connected with the tourist industry.

It has taken us a long time to wake up to the fact that our scenery, our ancient buildings and villages, our sporting events, and our hundred and one facilities for amusement can be used to attract foreigners and their money to this country. But "selling Britain" abroad is at last being done scientifically, by railway and steamship companies, and by that admirable body the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland. With its useful monthly bulletins of coming events, its illustrated pamphlets in several languages, its cinema films, and its broadcasts, the Association has done a great deal towards establishing our tourist industry on a firm basis. The further expansion of the industry now depends upon the co-operation of those interests that constitute it, and if there is this co-operation there is no reason why the 1935 season should not be even more successful than that which has just come to an end.

ARMED AND DISARMED: A Spanish Civil guard succumbs to the charms of two English travellers

By Land and Sea

GOOD NEWS FOR BELFAST: The 10,670-ton motor vessel, *Imperial Star*, being taken in tow immediately after she had been launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding yard. The owners now announce that they have decided to order three more ships for their Australian and New Zealand trade

SAFETY FIRST: One of the special screens of frosted glass which the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company are erecting behind signals where houses and trees are liable to make them indistinguishable

DRAINING 175,000 ACRES OF EAST ANGLIA: The great sluice gate which has been constructed at St. German's, Norfolk, to release into the River Ouse (seen beyond the bridge in the background) water pumped from the fens

DEFYING THE WEATHER

in Tailored Mackintoshes and High-Fronted Shoes

Race Meetings faithfully mirror the newest mackintosh modes, and it is interesting to see that recently there has been a very definite feeling for weatherproofs that are as line-conscious as the most sophisticated of urban clothes. No longer are shapeless, uniformly drab mackintoshes tolerated. To-day they are not merely a safeguard for one's treasured suit. They are an asset in themselves

Sketched on the left are two Milwata mackintoshes. The first is called "Clovelly" and is very military in its effect. Made in royal blue, emerald, or sunflower yellow, it shows the new Milwata ciré proofing, which is extraordinarily chic. Slender waisted, at the back there is a deep inverted pleat and a wide half-belt. The shoulder straps give a much-to-be-desired squareness, and the fact that the total weight is only fourteen ounces is a great point in its favour

The second mackintosh is appropriately named "The Clan" and it is made in Surah silk in real Highland tartans. The large storm collar and the belt are closely stitched, and the famous point-to-point pleat at the back gives complete freedom of movement without disturbing its admirably tailored lines

Milwata mackintoshes are obtainable practically everywhere and will withstand the heaviest and most persistent downpour. The prices range from 10s. 6d. and there is infinite variety. Strictly practical, or frankly frivolous as far as appearances are concerned they are made in all colours for every occasion

On the right above is a pair of shoes in crushed kid, lightly broughed, and with a firm leather heel. They are made in brown, and cost 45s. 6d. Immediately on the right are sports shoes in a new briar-proof calf, which looks very like heavy suède. They are a development of the monk shoe, and have a blind welt which shows no stitching. The price of these is 59s. 6d.

Very fine brown willow calf is used for the third shoe, which is beautifully balanced and gives valuable instep support. These cost 55s., and all three come from Lilley and Skinner, of 358, Oxford Street, W.

PICTURES FROM THE PROVINCES

THE HOLDERNESS PACK AT PICTURESQUE SEATON ROSS WINDMILL, YORKSHIRE: Cubbing is nearly over, and horses and hounds are now tuned up for the hunting season proper

HARDY HIGHLAND SHEEP ON THE ISLAND OF SKYE: When the time comes to take them to market they are carried across to the mainland in large flat-bottomed boats

VANISHING ENGLAND: A scene near Aldeborough, Yorkshire, after a recent cliff collapse. Erosion on this coast is very rapid, and last year a house had to be taken down as it was in danger of falling into the sea

SHARPENING HIS ANTLERS: This is the season of combat when the deer fight each other for supremacy. It is always dangerous to approach them at this period

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

John Masefield at His Best in His Latest Novel—Cecil Roberts Scores another Success—Sarah Gertrude Millin Writes a Thriller

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

"THEY were at work upon a diabolical invention. The place was a place of evil; squat buildings in a wilderness, guarded by barbed wire and sentry boxes. The result was to make them masters of the world, wreaking fearful destruction in the process: those left alive would be slaves.

"Working secretly and invariably alone, with no hope or desire for medals and publicized reward, were those whose loyalty is only to the cause they serve and to a man with 'eyes of frosted jade.' They capture the formula, and in handing it on sell their lives dearly; the lean horseman; the boy with the frank open face; tall, fearless scar-face; the girl with the brown eyes; and finally, 'Cold Eyes.'"

COLD EYES, by James Francis Dwyer (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), is as you see a pure adventure story. From the opening sentence it sweeps onward with breathless action; the thrill of pursuit never lets up for a moment: a relay race against death. Mr. Dwyer certainly has a remarkable talent; for sheer pace alone the story is a *tour de force*.

Another novel of pure adventure is **THE TAKING OF THE GRY,** by John Masefield (Heinemann. 6s.). The Poet Laureate is an acknowledged master of the kind of story in which the men who go down to the sea in ships are set to fight against fearful odds in the treacherous atmosphere of a South American Republic, and to run a blockade into the bargain.

There is colour, action, and beauty in this story; in short, Masefield at his best.

As readers of *Sails of Sunset* well know, Mr. Cecil Roberts is no stranger to Venetian lagoons and the blue Adriatic, nor can they doubt his ability once again to demonstrate his obstinate romanticism in another story set in those colourful surroundings.

THE GUESTS ARRIVE (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) at the Adriatic fortress inherited by Cleopatra Longman, and here on this island, which she turns into a pension, they enact their tragedies and comedies. There is the formidable Anton; the persistent and faithful Anthony, the ubiquitous Mrs. Silving, the vigorous young Teller, Mrs. Cressington, Mrs. Braintree—but why go on?—if you let them be your guests their story will entertain you and you will be able to join Mr. Cecil Roberts' publishers in search of the heroine.

And a very pleasant search it will be, for here is a romantic novel of the finest type, and Mr. Roberts at his best is very good indeed.

CHANGE PARTNERS, by Sarah Salt (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), is in anything but the romantic tradition. The action takes place at a house party by the river. Sybil and Victor were "modern." Sexual "freedom" was the basis of their code of unbridled unmorality. For Victor it meant jam to-day, to-morrow, and all of the time; for Sybil a long heartache, and, at last, rebellion.

Their friends are such an assortment of sensualists as would be attracted to such a ménage. And into it come Audrey, their daughter, and a school friend, Ursula.

The youngest generation. The story is of the adjustment, or maladjustment of their adolescent awakening to this atmosphere of uneasy frankness.

It is a terrible story. All the characters are slightly larger than life; but that is an ingredient of good drama. But it is an unforgettable story; admirable for the way in which the author holds the balance between the two pivotal points of the tragedy of Sybil and her daughter.

With Miss Pamela Frankau we are once more in a world of sophisticates. **TASSELL GENTLE** (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.) is, so far, her most ambitious work. It begins with a set of children who meet in a Devonshire orchard. (What a little masterpiece this section is. The chapter is as alive as one's own childhood. If only Miss Frankau would consent to keep it up through a whole book.)

They grow up and become publishers, dramatists, novelists, and journalists. And through it all shines the steadfast love of Ann for the egotistical, brilliant, wayward Jake.

Why must I always fall in love with Miss Frankau's heroines and always be made to suffer while they throw themselves in an orgy of frustration at the heads of such impossible "heroes" as Penn Jacob? There *are* men with some of the qualities of loyalty and steadfastness with which

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER: The talented author of *Cold Eyes*—a thrilling adventure story which has just been published by Methuen

Miss Frankau invests her heroines. I wish she would give one of them a break sometime.

Now the hero of Mr. Ivor Brown's **MASTER SANGUINE** (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is no sophisticate, but a person of an artlessly simple mind and a most ingenuous approach to what in everyday life the people of his class have become used. Which is another way of saying that Mr. Ivor Brown is using the satirical method in the manner of *Candide*.

In less competent hands this might be a dangerous experiment, but as a craftsman Mr. Brown is well able to deliver the goods, and the result is a satire on contemporary life drawn with wit and perspicacity; rapier-like and wholly delightful.

Mr. J. D. Beresford has but one purpose, that of being a good novelist and of investing the plot of a man who lost his memory and imagined himself back in the, to him, happy days when Germany was an armed enemy, and Woodrow Wilson the Tsar of North America.

PECKOVER (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a domestically harassed man, shell-shocked, and tyrannized by a nagging wife. His escape, for all that is a Dream of Honest Husbands, is made into a credible and diverting novel by Mr. Beresford's practised hand.

Another competent novelist with a public of his own is Mr. Oliver Onions, whose **CATALAN CIRCUS** (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a wandering Irish painter who finds himself in a fix in the Pyrenees, and in trying to extricate himself and his beloved paintings gets mixed up with Catalanian politics. Mr. Onions is an old hand at fantastic adventure, and this story is in his best manner.

Herr Alfred Neumann is well known in this country for his historical biographies in novel form. **THE NEW CÆSAR** (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is certainly good value. In size it is a book in the thumb-aching class. In material it is a book full of realism and biting portraiture, the subject being the career of Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards Napoleon III. Herr Neumann tackles his subject with a teutonic thoroughness, with little in the early career of this curious historical character left unexplored.

SEASON TICKET, by Margaret Iles (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), is heralded by a not very necessary introduction by Mr. Ernest Raymond. Taking a group of seemingly ordinary humdrum people who travel to London every day by the same train, Miss Iles takes us behind the scenes in the drama of each of their lives. Each is studied with a deep compassion and a gift for creativeness which has so excited Mr. Raymond.

Season Ticket is an outstanding novel by a writer whose development it will be interesting to watch.

Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin, in **THREE MEN DIE** (Chatto. 7s. 6d.), asks a symbolic question concerning sex and destruction. Julia had had three husbands, each of whom dies in suspiciously similar circumstances. Johnnie, the surviving child of one of them, is drawn inexorably into the drama, which ends in a powerful climax. A thriller with a deep significance.

Another thriller, this time with a murder, and the full dress of a sensational trial scene, comes unexpectedly from Mr. Archibald Marshall. More to his type is the background of the countryside, and the love story that twines through the mystery. But **NOTHING HID** (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is not only good Marshall but a good thriller.

And, finally, there are two books by American writers worthy of your attention. **PORTRAIT OF A COURTEZAN,** by Charles C. Dobie (Appleton. 7s. 6d.), is a conventional story of San Francisco of the 'nineties; of a painter who loved and hated a notorious lady, written in the typical nervous English of the modern American school.

DOCTOR MARTINO (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) is by William Faulkner, and is a book of short stories, of which there are fourteen. Like most such collections it is uneven, but there is genius in all of them. Mr. William Faulkner is a writer in the front rank, and a recognized leader of American contemporaries. Readers to whom his work is unfamiliar would do well to make the approach through this volume in which the best and the worst in this highly individual style is represented.

A BOOK LIST

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THE PAMPERED PEKE: The smallest entry in the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace disporting himself in the latest mode in canine wear. *Above on left*—PETIT PIERRE: A papillon, one of the attractive "toys" at the show

THE CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS: Stockfield Aristocrat, the Airedale that won the cup for the best dog in the Kennel Club Show

WESTMILL TAMASAR: A shaggy Afghan hound—an intelligent breed which is proving extremely popular these days

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK: Little Tommy Sopwith, son of *Endeavour's* owner, with a friend. Spinnakers, genoa gibs, and Park Avenue booms are still a mystery to him, but he loves nothing better than to be aboard his father's yacht

WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET TOWN PLATE: Miss Audrey Bell who rode Ravioli to victory in last week's race. The event was founded by Charles II in celebration of his accession

CHRISTMAS IS COMING: Two young spectators at the annual sale at Attleborough, Norfolk, when about 9,000 turkeys were offered to buyers who had gathered from all parts of the country

CHURCH PARADE: The villainous mayor inspects the boy scouts—a scene from *Young England*, the earnest melodrama at the Victoria Palace which the West End has taken delightedly to its heart

Stage of the Day

A Young Actor of Twenty-two Gives a Remarkable Performance as King Lear — A New Operetta at the New Theatre —Ballet Based on a Pirandello Story

By PHILIP PAGE

MR. SAM POLUSKI, a music-hall comedian whom many will remember with delight, on one occasion, being also a keen patron of the drama, was seen to be applauding vigorously an actor, more fashionable than accomplished, whose efforts in a part far beyond his powers were causing some dismay. "Why am I clappin' 'im?" said the little man, "Why, for his b——y cheek!"

If some of us at the Westminster Theatre the other night applauded Mr. William Devlin for his —well, his courage in essaying to play King Lear at the age of twenty-two, there was much more than mere courage in his performance.

It is a deuce of a part and a deuce of a play. I have seen *King Lear* three times, and I am still uncertain whether the misery of the old King or the comic relief of the Fool is the more depressing. With the most profound and sincere reverence for the Bard, I have never been able to stand his funny men, with the exception of Falstaff and his companions—the Falstaff, that is to say, of *King Henry IV*. Dogberry, Old Gobbo, the clowns in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Osric, Sir Andrew Aguecheek are, in my possibly irreverent opinion, as dreadful a crew of dullards as ever sent an honest critic to the refreshment bar.

But all of these are George Robey, Leslie Henson, and Mickey Mouse multiplied to the *n*th degree of sublime humour compared with the Fool in *King Lear*. Some learned commentators will possibly argue that the Fool is not meant to be funny. Then why have a Fool if he is not funny? For this one's philosophy is of the cheapest type. If he is intended to emphasize the pathos of Lear's plight, who, in addition to ungrateful daughters, bad weather, relentless enemies, and incipient madness, must needs have a prize bore in constant attendance, then I venture to think, again with respect, that Shakespeare is here overdoing it.

To return to Mr. Devlin. One handicap has already been indicated at length. Another is the funeral pace of production now prevalent at the Westminster Theatre, where a very fine play indeed, *The Moon in the Yellow River*, was recently almost ruined by this fault. *King Lear* cannot be run snappily like a slick revue, but it must not be dragged; and when economy has pared down scenery to the vanishing point, there is less excuse than ever for dragging it.

For all that, Mr. Devlin's performance was a remarkable one. He has sincerity, he does not rant, he has a good voice which the years will improve, and unlike so many actors of his age and intellectual origin and surroundings, he is neither mincing nor sibilant. I really could not have endured a "Leah."

Miss Dorothy Green played one of the wicked sisters on what is known as "sound Shakespearian lines." The Earl (not Duke) of Kent was made a bluff and sympathetic figure by Mr. Neil Porter.

But there was a poorish tail to the team. And need economy have gone to the length of making Lear and his odd companions recline before an obvious and unadorned electric stove? A few faggots piled over it would have done the trick, and faggots surely are cheap.

"By Appointment."—The discouraging result of the production of a piece such as *By Appointment* at the New Theatre is apt to be a chorus of disgruntled musical patriots who exclaim, "Well, the public has been given good, clean English music; once more it doesn't seem to like it; so let the jazz and the 'blues' have everything their own way."

I do not say that there is not plenty to like in Mr. Kennedy Russell's music, and I earnestly hope that this piece will be a success. But against it are innumerable odds. Music which has an "Olde Englyshe" veneer, with a dash of Lehar or Puccini here and there, served up, also here and there, with a harp *glissando* is all very well in its way. But by itself it is not strong enough unless it has something fresh and distinctive to say. Mr. Russell does not say much here, though his manner of saying it is charming.

If, however, he had written music thoroughly original alike in style and in itematic material, I would not care to back its chances against so dull a play and so slow and pointless a production. Mr. Noel Coward has just been dabbling in the Regency period in *Conversation Piece* which, with all its charm, was not, I think, his happiest achievement. Mr. Frederick Jackson has left out the charm, has made all his characters theatrical dummies, and has written the most flat-footed dialogue I have heard for many a day.

He has also made the incredible mistake of allowing the most important member of his company, Miss Maggie Teyte, to appear once only in a first act about which I can remember but little beyond the fact that it lasted an hour and a half and seemed to have lasted treble that period. Poor Miss Teyte, who sings so beautifully, had nothing to do before that much-needed interval except to take part in a duet. And in the middle of that some curtains were lowered to enable scenery to be shifted noisily behind her, so that she found herself in the unenviable position of a pantomime fairy-queen. She took the part of Mrs. FitzHerbert, and no morganatic wife was ever kept so relentlessly in the background. Fortunately there was more for her to do later on, but the battle was half lost.

The events on which the audience was asked to concentrate mainly concerned the progress of a shop in Kensington, kept by an aristocratic *émigré*. Hither came the First Gentleman in Europe, whose coach had broken down outside, to inspect what one of his suite called "brock-ades," and to flirt with a young Comtesse.

For no apparent reason, except to bring down the curtain, His Royal Highness sang a song about "Ich Dien" very solemnly indeed, while a shop-assistant brought on the three feathers painted on a shield with "By Appointment" written over them. If that situation was deliberately intended to be ludicrous, I congratulate those who devised it. Since the tune chosen for the Prince's song seemed to me a near relation of that sentimental and far from hilarious drawing-room ballad "Maire, My Girl," I am convinced that burlesque was very far indeed from the minds of Messrs. Russell and Jackson; for "Maire, My Girl" is not one of those things about which one jests.

Even the sight of "Prinny" standing in a Kensington shop and chanting in a rich baritone about Crécy and Agincourt and his wish to serve his country could not upset this musically portentous moment. I can only add that Beau Brummell joined in the chorus.

To that polished singer, Mr. Frederick Ranalow, fell the difficult job of supplying humour, arrayed like the Lord Mayor's coachman and sporting, for no apparent reason, an Irish accent. He was assisted by Mr. Percy Le Fre (uncommonly spry) and Miss Vivienne Chatterton.

Pretty dresses, pleasing music, and, above all, patriotic endeavour do their utmost for *By Appointment*. But—"patriotism is not enough."

Sadler's Wells.—The ballet season here has opened successfully, and comparison with Colonel de Basil and his Russians is, if in favour of the latter, by no means ridiculous. I was glad to see again Mr. Geoffrey Toye's *The Haunted Ballroom* (and also to hear of possibilities of its being shortly produced in Vienna). The waltz is charming, and the general treatment of an excellent idea original without being outrageously modern. Mr. Toye has the gift of melody, and is not in the least afraid of exercising it.

The new ballet, *The Jar*, is based on a Pirandello story. Pirandello is better in ballet-form, since his pretentious pseudo-philosophy is not permitted to obtrude itself. One cannot be philosophical in mime, and anyone who sees metaphysics in music would see anything. The "plot" is an odd little yarn about a rich farmer who owns a large and valuable oil-jar, which gets smashed. The man who mends it, a hunchback, does so from the inside and cannot get out when the job is finished. The farmer, who has been asleep, is furious at the predicament, but all ends happily with a rustic dance.

Possibly Pirandello himself has put into this some hidden meaning. Or enthusiastic Pirandelloites will put it there for him. I remember being solemnly assured that when in *Peter Pan* the crocodile swallows Captain Hook, watch and all, the whole process is symbolical or allegorical or Heaven knows what else, and means that Death swallows up Time. If Sir James Barrie had that in mind when he wrote the scene, I am willing to swallow my own watch.

Miss Ninette de Valois's choreography for *The Jar* is admirable, and the costumes and *décor* of Mr. William Chappell don't. Mr. Walter Gore (the china-mender) and Mr. Robert Helpmann (the farmer) show that Russia and Italy do not run an exclusive line in first-rate dancers and mimes. Casella's music is occasionally trivial, but more often amusing.

THE LATEST CHARLOT REVUE: John Buckmaster, Gladys Cooper's son, and June in *Hi-Diddle Diddle* at the Comedy. Douglas Byng and John Tilley, both at the top of their form, provide the humour in this successful show

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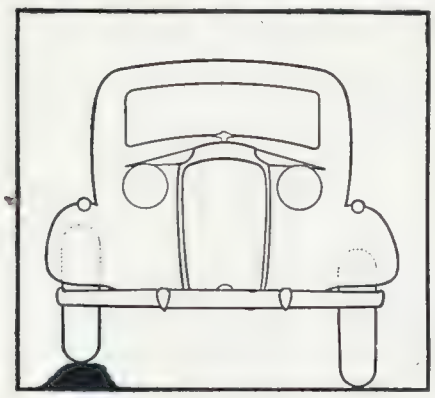

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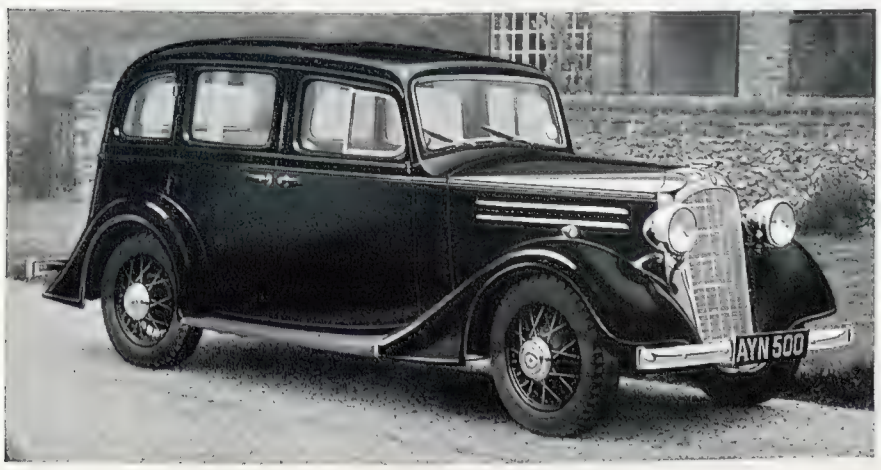

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

AUSTRALIA BOUND: A picture taken at Heston Airport of Colonel Roscoe Turner who is competing in the London to Melbourne Air Race. He is accompanied on the flight by Mr. Clive Pagbourne in a Boeing Transport 'plane which he has named *The Comet*. The trend towards streamlining, both in the aeroplane and in the Chrysler car will be clearly noted

At Olympia more cars than ever were fitted with wireless sets, and this is merely one indication that before many years are out every car will be so equipped, provided that the whole matter is taken seriously. At present the state of affairs is far from being satisfactory. Many many years ago the Daimler Company, in conjunction with the Marconi people, carried out certain experiments in this direction, and Daimlers actually showed a model at Olympia with a wireless set built into the car. Apparently no developments took place until a couple of years ago, when America produced wireless sets of special design for the purpose of car reception. At first the effort was not very prominent, but after a little lapse of time the demands became almost embarrassing. The suppliers can do little else but hand out the sets and take in the cash, whilst the British radio trade, until twelve months ago, merely stood still and looked on. To-day, the latter are making efforts to supply, because I think they realize that the average British motorist would prefer to have a British wireless set on his vehicle, just in the same way as he has one in his house.

RILEY LADIES' TRIAL: "The Sphere" Cup presented in connection with the Riley Motor Club's third "Cotswold Six" Ladies' Trial, won by Mrs. M. W. Stanton and presented at the Riley Motor Club's Dinner and Dance at the Park Lane Hotel on October 19. The Cup was made by Messrs. Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.1

Speaking from personal experience, the results are not nearly so satisfactory as they might be, principally because there are two entirely different trades concerned. The motoring public will never be completely satisfied until these two trades come together and help each other in what is really a very difficult problem. I would like to tell each of them that the motor owner before very long will insist upon having a wireless set on his car, and the models which are not equipped so as to give satisfactory results will experience a diminution of sales.

So far as I can see the sets themselves are satisfactory, but, of course, those of American origin at present only provide reception of medium waves. The British user must be able to receive the long waves in addition. The real trouble is to be found in the fitting of the sets to the car, and I suggest that this problem is a very suitable one to be considered by an expert committee nominated by the motor and the wireless trades. As might be expected the addition of a highly sensitive wireless set to a car on which there already exists so many electrical machines is apt to produce unlooked-for problems. In my own case I have now had two wireless sets, and the reception in each case is marred by some mysterious fault or ailment, but apparently no one in this country, at least in authority, can help me. The only sensible advice I have had reaches me from Australia, and if my correspondent is right it means quite a complicated mechanical addition to the chassis. Whether the makers of my car will agree to this alteration I do not know, but I am certainly of the opinion that I am not alone in my troubles, and I consider it is the job of the motor and wireless trades to overcome these difficulties and not for me and others to hunt round and obtain amateur advice.

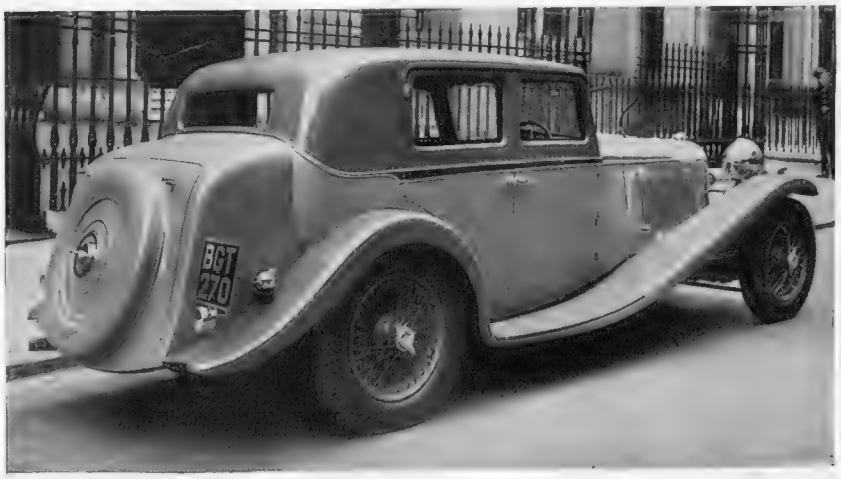
Most of the Press have termed the Motor Show at Olympia a "Streamline" Exhibition. There are some grounds for this description but we are still far from what I would call streamline cars. Models are described in various terms with the intention of conveying that they are of streamline form, but such is not the case. When the true streamline car comes into existence it will be found to be very different in appearance from the cars shown at Olympia this week. When that design is adopted I cannot see how manufacturers can help but place the engine at the rear; for the real streamline car, on account of its shape, will definitely assist this alteration in the placing of the power unit. The Germans have already shown us what can be done in this direction in the Rumpler car, and in this country we have had examples in the Burney and Crossley cars. Quite recently the Germans in their Auto-Union racing cars have demonstrated to the world that in order to obtain the maximum speed the engine need not necessarily be placed in a bonnet in front of the driver. In future, therefore, we may look forward to a car having a form more closely approximating to the perfect streamline shape and having its engine in the tail.

Before reverting back to my old car I would like to make it perfectly clear that it is an old habit of mine to purchase a new car every year, and that is the sole reason why I went in for the very latest 20–25 that the company has produced. If any one were to ask me what I considered the most astounding feature of a Rolls-Royce car I think I would answer—its permanency. Most cars are reliable, and, needless to say, that is applicable to a Rolls. Other cars keep giving good and useful service, but even after a year's running the owner notices that parts are wearing out. Probably it is not such an important piece of the chassis as a piston, but smaller components such as control-rod knuckles and steering-joints. That is where a Rolls is different. It possesses the uncanny quality of apparently never wearing out. As an illustration I may say that the throttle lever on the top of the steering column has a ratchet, and it can be set in any position within limits. Unlike other cars, the carburettor is not adjusted, so that it will always keep the engine running, even if the hand-control is swung right back. On a Rolls, by bringing the throttle control back to its lowest position the engine will stop.

When I received the car from the makers I found that the engine would just tick over with the lever set in a certain notch. If I put it into the next one the engine would stop. After 26,000 miles that same notch was the limit one that could be used if the engine were to be kept ticking over at its slowest. That means that there was absolutely no trace of wear in any of the many joints which are included in the control system between the lever on the steering column and the carburettor. Nothing seems to alter, and I can truthfully say that the car ran as well, if not better, at the end of my ownership as it did on the day when I took delivery. I certainly believe that the factory at Derby is in the possession of the secret which bestows eternal youth on its products.

The R.A.C. announces that, by invitation of the Mayor and Corporation, the 1935 R.A.C. Rally will be held at Eastbourne. This will be the fourth annual event of the kind, previous R.A.C. Rallies having been held at Torquay, Hastings, and Bournemouth. The date is now under consideration, and will be announced later.

ONE OF THE NEW 1935 LAGONDAS: *Left and below*—This handsome Special Saloon has just been supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., of New Bond Street, to a customer. It possesses the long flowing lines now fashionable in modern motor-car design and is possessed of a particularly capacious boot for long-distance touring. The car is in two-tone grey with red leather upholstery. It is capable of a speed in excess of 90 m.p.h.



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WITH THE RUALA HOSTS

(Continued from p. 103)

breeding of pack and saddle camels hardly brings any profit. The Ruala tribe (for an example) formerly sold every year from 70,000 camels upward; to-day they can hardly dispose of a few thousand. Sub-tribes, already split by political influences, will soon succumb to economic conditions. They will have to settle near cultivated land or rivers, sell their camels and become sheep breeders.

Twice during my life in Arabia I have seen the greatest of all tribes (the Ruala) assembled all together, marching twenty miles abreast through the desert with over 350,000 camels. At least one-fifth of the camels were loaded with tens of thousands of tons of tent curtains, provisions, and other paraphernalia. Thirty-five thousand men, women, and children, who day in and day out marched, every morning striking their 7,000 black goat-hair tents, and raising them again every afternoon or evening in a new pasture.

In spring we had left the neighbourhood of the red Nufud desert. In fact, some of the clans were still in the el Labbe, the eastern section of this red sand-dune world. After crossing the deep basin of Wadi Sirhan, our tribe moved on to the undulating highland of Biyaz and into the gravel desert of the Hamad (which stretches from Wadi Sirhan into the neighbourhood of Tudmur in Syria, and east from Transjordania and Syria almost two-thirds of the desert towards the Euphrates and the Tigris).

The Ruala were on the war-path. The wife of Mijhem ibn Meheyd (chief of the Fid'an) had died. She was a sister of my bloodbrother, Amir Fuaz of the Ruala. Mijhem asked for the hand of Tarfa, the youngest sister of the Prince. But Fuaz had refused to marry this girl to his brother-in-law, stating in public that Mijhem's fifty-five years were not a match for this seventeen-year-old sister. The offended Sheykh of the Fid'an was enraged and sought revenge for this insult. He had already two tribes on his side: the powerful Saba' in Syria, and the still more powerful and warlike tribe of the Amarat in Iraq. In a short time he was able to attach six other tribes which were more or less hostile to the Ruala.

The settled as well as the nomadic population of Syria warned the French Government of the imminent danger which arose from the approach of this powerful and warlike Ruala nation. Tribal feuds and pasture disputes with the hostile Arabs in that territory would cause a general uprising, and the French trying to pacify the two warring sections might be regarded as enemies of both.

The Ruala had made up their mind to enter the pastures of the enemies without asking for permission, as it was actual war between the Fid'an (and the allied tribes), and the Ruala.

The French, however, decided that the road between Tudmur (Palmyra) and Baghdad should be the boundary line and the northern limit for the Ruala. This arrangement allowed the Ruala to water their camels along the foot of the hills, but it did not allow them to graze beyond the hills. When I approached the French officials in Tudmur, they told me that if the hostile chiefs came to a peaceful settlement amongst themselves (in regard to the pastures in Nethel) they (the French) would raise no objection. Returning to Amir Fuaz, I pleaded with him to seek an understanding with his enemies, but in vain—he was too proud, and pride has been often the cause of the greatest calamities in Arab history. I offered to take matters in my own hands and meet the enemy chiefs to arrange peaceful conditions. After long arguments I was allowed to leave. Large numbers of the Ruala had already reached "the Road of Death" (as they called the northern line of their limited migration) and began to set up their tents in the very tracks of this historical caravan route.

I had left in an automobile and safely reached the war camp of the allied chiefs. And a "miracle" came to pass. Mijhem ibn Meheyd and his allied tribes agreed to make peace and retire with their forces and so allow the Ruala to occupy the rich pasture lands beyond the hills during the summer months.

"There shall continue war between the chiefs," Mijhem said, "but the people of our tribes shall live in peace and pasture wheresoever they like."

It was a wonderful sight as the Ruala continued their migration towards the promised land.

Carl R. Raswan

TROUBLED PAGES IN BALKAN HISTORY

(Continued from p. 106)

Austria had viewed the rise in power of Serbia with considerable alarm, particularly as her new possessions cut across Austria's plan of getting a route to Salonika. The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo brought the tension to a head, and the Austrian demands upon Serbia were in the nature of an ultimatum. The aged King Peter saw his country, after a courageous defence, overwhelmed by the Austrians, and the heroic retreat of his army to Montenegro. Owing to his age and illness the command of the Serbian army fell upon the Crown Prince Alexander, whose conduct throughout the war endeared him to his people. When the close of the war brought the victorious Serbian army back again to their own country, from which they had been absent for nearly four years, the Crown Prince was made Regent, becoming King on the death of King Peter.

When King Alexander took up the task of governing Yugoslavia he was faced with no easy problem. The union of the three Serbian peoples under the title of Yugoslavia had realized the great dream which had dominated the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes for many centuries. But though united by common blood and language the people are divided by tribal jealousies.

The people, too, are intensely democratic; there is no aristocracy or middle class, the great majority being peasant farmers. After the day's work the discussion of politics forms the chief interest among the men who gather at the wine shop, with the result that the slightest suspicion that preference is being given by the Government to the Serbs, would rouse the Croats, and a political crisis would be the result. After some experience of these crises King Alexander became convinced that Yugoslavia could only be welded into a well-managed State by autocratic rule.

He therefore abolished the Constitution in 1929 and henceforth became solely responsible for the governance of the people. He was undoubtedly making great improvements, both in the internal affairs of the country, and also in the maintenance of peace with his neighbours, but now he has been struck down, and Yugoslavia has again to build up a stable government. B. H.

Scots Guards Loan Exhibition

A loan exhibition illustrative of the history of the Scots Guards will be held in London from December 1 to December 23 under the gracious patronage of His Majesty the King.

Campaigns will be illlustrated by battle pictures, models, and plans, and by war relics from the battlefields of Europe and Africa. Colours, pipe banners, and drums of various dates will be shown, and there will also be a display of regimental silver, jewellery, and *objets d'art*. While of special interest to Scots Guardsmen past and present, the exhibition is also expected to appeal to all who are connected with the Brigade of Guards and to those of the general public who appreciate military history. Profits will be devoted to assisting Guardsmen to find employment in civil life, and to regimental charities.

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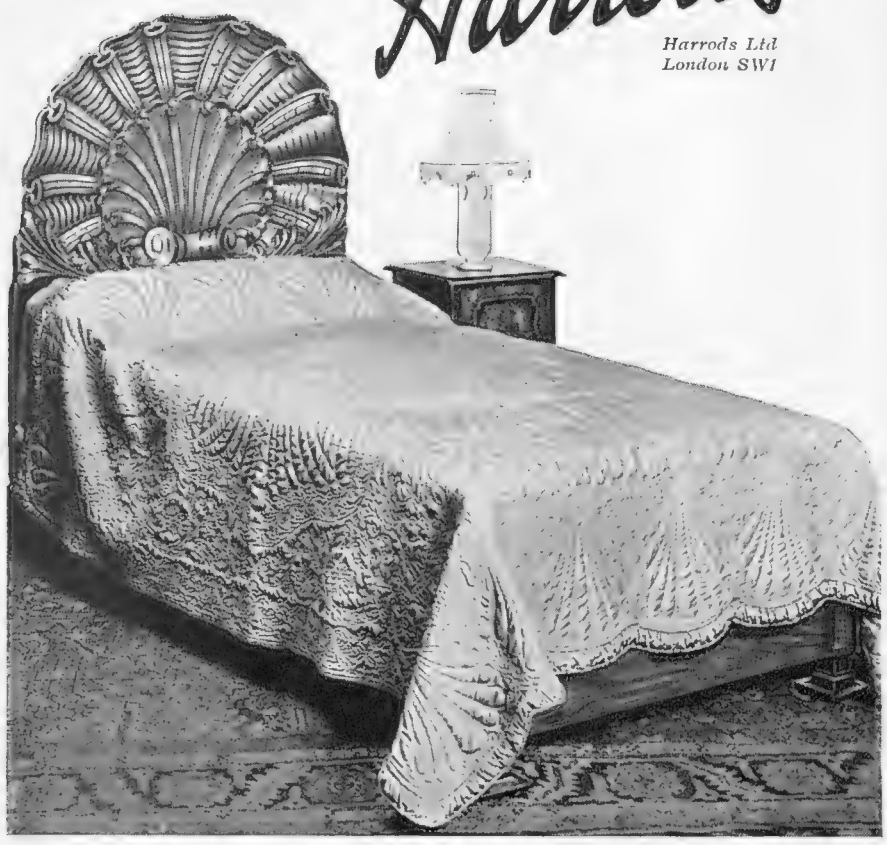

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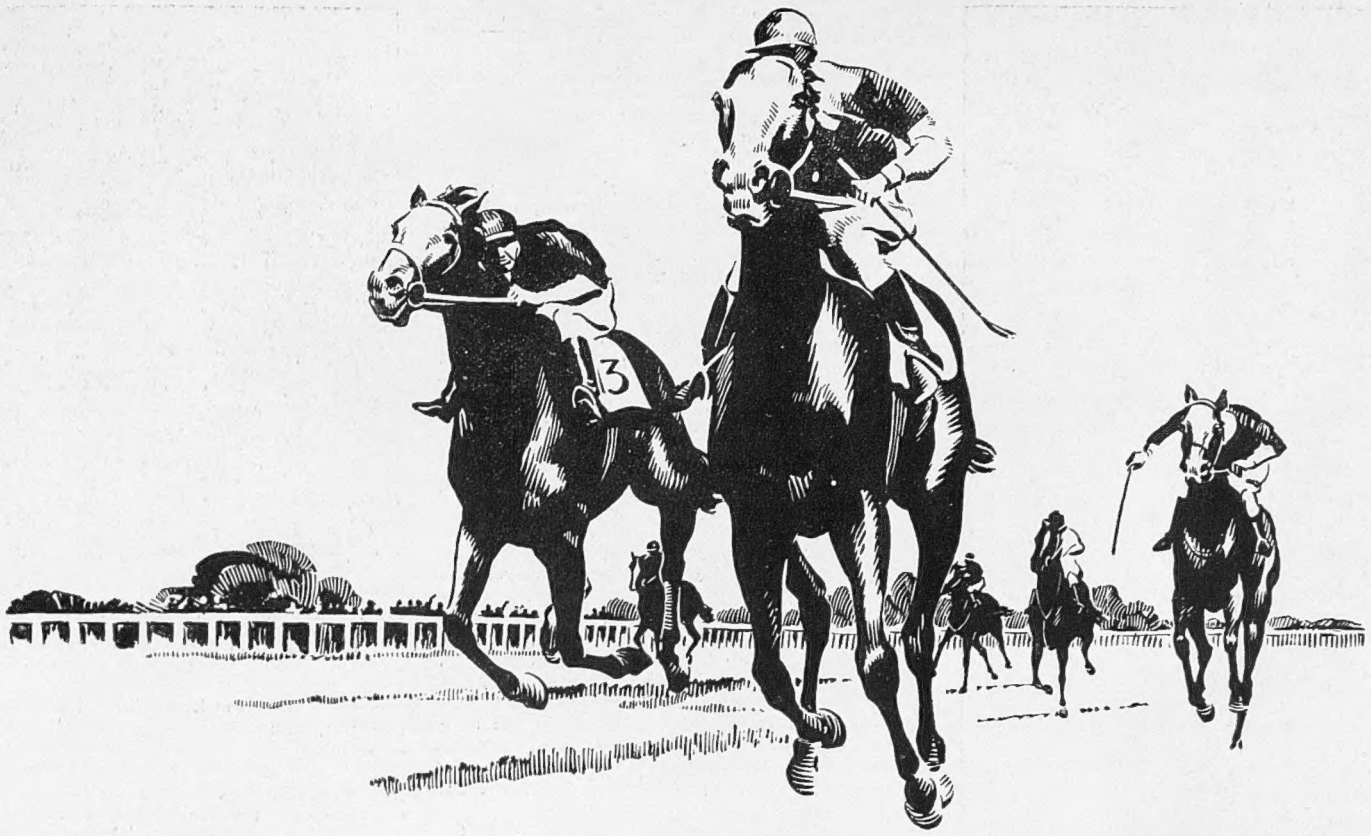

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THE YOUNG EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH who is now studying classics at Balliol. He is a grandson of the famous Liberal Prime Minister, and the only son of the late Raymond Asquith who was killed in action in 1916

Revolt in Barcelona—Murder in Marseilles

(Continued from p. 93)

Suddenly the first shot of a fusillade rings out.

I see for the first time a sight with which I am to become familiar—hundreds of people have whipped out white handkerchiefs and are seeking cover, anywhere. We ran upstairs to the balcony of my hotel room overlooking the Plaza. My first idea was to watch the fighting through the drawn shutters, but W—— said this was certain death as the troops had given warning that they would automatically fire at all closed shutters, the favourite ambush of revolutionary snipers. Rapidly the fusillade increased in intensity, extending all along the district leading down to the docks. The 100,000 sq. yards of the Plaza were empty. The stabbing rat-tat-tats of machine guns were punctuated by Mauser rifles whose loud-exploding shots echoed like thunder in the empty streets. I learnt later that the signal shot which let loose all this murderous activity had been fired by a twenty-five-year-old girl anarchist potting from a roof opposite.

Had I been deaf and had I avoided looking at the machine-gunners on the cross-roads, I should merely have seen hundreds of pearl-grey pigeons, startled for no apparent reason, wheeling over the vast spaces of a beautiful square, spread with green lawns, dotted with fountains sparkling in the mid-day sun, the whole entirely deserted. A few minutes later an ambulance came tearing round the corner —I called London on the telephone and took out pencil and paper.

Midnight. Barcelona should be waking to the teeming night-life of a Spanish city, but a thousand dazzling electric lights are wasting their strength in the deserted Plaza. Those who venture into the streets after 10 p.m. do so at the risk of being shot, ran another warning to-day.

Suddenly the clashing cymbals, massed drums, and stirring brass of a military band break the unusual silence. The famous Spanish Foreign Legionaries, recalled from Morocco, have arrived. Rank upon rank, these tanned warriors, recruited from the four quarters of the globe, are marching through the city with their characteristic quick step and short arm-swing. They do not wear boots but straw slippers, and as their band fades in the distance the silent main body passes by in the starlit night rustling like some army of phantoms. The second battalion halts in the Plaza and to the accompaniment only of drums and cymbals awakes the echoes with the Legion's wild song of love and war. An uncanny, an unforgettable scene.

Assassination in Marseilles was to cut short my mission in Barcelona. Once more speeding aeroplane—at 6,000 ft. the Mediterranean Sea seemed absolutely motionless, a gorgeous sapphire carpet shot with a million threads of white—a rocky coast and then the myriad masts of Marseilles, the city of gunmen and racketeers.

Sunset. On the Quai des Belges tens of thousands stood in hushed silence watching a sombre pageant which Nature joined with Man in rendering supremely beautiful. As on shore company after company of the First Colonial Infantry, headed by their mounted officers whose swords swung steadily through the beautiful movements of the French salute, marched past, the Yugoslav cruiser *Dubrovnik* weighed anchor. In the protecting shadow of a mighty gun set above the silver-grey warship's after-deck, heaped in wreaths of red, white, and yellow flowers, lay the bier of the assassinated monarch.

Straight into the rippling golden path spread before her by the westering sun, the cruiser slipped away, while on shore a heavily-veiled widow stood watching. Her features seared with tragedy revealed her a woman, while her proudly erect head and simple dignity bespoke her every inch a queen.

Jossleyn Hennessy

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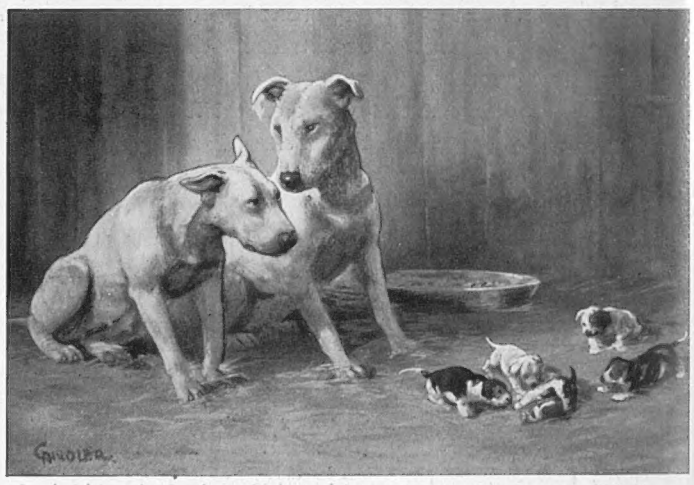

CAESAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

By C. AMBLER

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

C., Jersey (Bad Nauheim).—Bad Nauheim, one of the best known of the German spas, lies at an altitude of 472 ft. in the Johannisberg hills of Hessen-Hassau. The cure, which generally lasts twenty-eight days, can be taken all the year round, though the main season is from May 1 to September 15. During the season a special "all-in" cure can be taken, costing from 290 to 380 registered marks, which includes hotel or pension accommodation during the twenty-eight days. Bad Nauheim is an extremely pleasant town, with large parks and gardens, and a Kurhaus with theatres, and restaurant, etc.

B., Hants (Ceylon).—Two good boarding houses in Colombo are Isabel Court, Colpetty, and Highcliffe Hall, Turret Road, Colpetty, where prices range from 10s. per day. At Nuwara Eliya, the popular hill resort, the Carlton Hotel charges from 12s. to 15s. per day, while at Galle, a sea resort south of Colombo, the New Oriental Hotel charges from 13s. per day. There are innumerable Government Rest Houses throughout Ceylon, where accommodation is both reasonable in price and good. Other interesting places in Ceylon are Kandy, Anuradhapura, and Trincomalee, the latter being one of the loveliest spots in the whole island. The best time to visit Ceylon is during January and February. March and April are dry, but except in the hills it is rather hot. The rainy season is from May to December, though it is not so continuous as to make a visit unpleasant, while, naturally, it helps to keep the atmosphere cool.

B., Kent (Nice).—We can recommend the Villa Kléber in Nice, where prices range from 35 francs per day. Special thirty-day tickets to the South of France are now being issued until further notice. In this way the return 2nd class fare from London to Nice via Dover or Folkestone is £10 17s. 9d., and cheaper via Newhaven. Passengers must travel on a Saturday or Monday on the outward journey, but may travel on any day on the return journey. A forty-five-day ticket via Dover or Folkestone costs £13 3s. 6d. 2nd class.

N., Ulster (Union Castle Line).—The fares for the Union Castle Line "Round Africa" cruises are £105 first class and £40 tourist class, there being one rate only for each class. The m.v. *Llangibby Castle* leaves London on December 27, and calls at Tangier, Gibraltar, Palma (Majorca), Marseilles, Genoa, Port Said, numerous ports in East and South Africa including Cape Town, St. Helena, Ascension, and Las Palmas, arriving back at Southampton on March 4. The s.s. *Llanstephan Castle* leaves London on January 3 and calls at Teneriffe, Lobito, Cape Town and back via the outward route of the *Llangibby Castle*, arriving at Southampton on March 12. Passengers may remain on board while the ships are in the various ports, thus avoiding hotel expenses. These two "Cruises Round Africa" offer exceptionally good value, and we would advise you to make an early application for tickets.

R., Worc. (Sicily).—Taormina is one of the most celebrated health resorts in the world. The winter climate is mild and equable, the temperature rarely falling below 50 deg. F. Rain is scarce and of short duration. The San Domenico Palace Hotel charges from 67·50 lire per day from February to the end of April, and slightly cheaper before and after these dates. You could go by Orient Line boat to Naples, and thence by the Adria Line to Messina, a short distance from Taormina.

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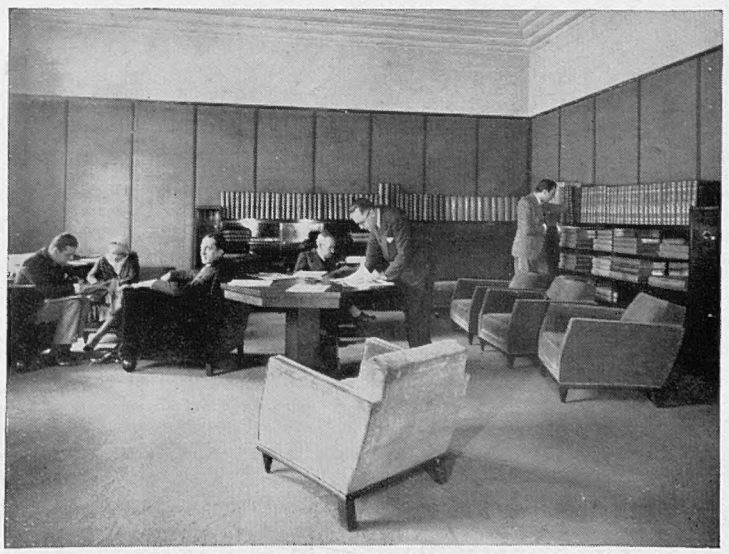

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